

Hugh
MacLennan:
A voice out of time

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 22, 1980

\$1.00

Rewriting history

Constitution 1980



38

55113-70001

Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success:
the extra smoothness and quality
that is unmistakably Seagram's.

Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



Festival who's who

Bette Midler's tour de force Divine Madness closed Toronto's fifth annual Festival of Festivals, a 10-city long extravaganza which delivered the stars and set off steam. Page 20

Night of the Generals

After Turkey's Friday coup, the U.S. was quick to deny tank-knowledge. But there is good reason to suppose it not only knew, but gave its approval in advance. **Page 20**

2000 年 9 月

An exercise in failure

What was begun as a voyage to a joyful reunion of the left-wing was bashed last week in a process dominated by closed minds as 11 men left down the nation. As a saddened Pierre Trudeau put it:

There are two conceptions of Canada—and that is why we failed. In comprehensive and analytical reports, Maclean's writers reveal what went wrong and save themselves with what hope others might have for the future. **Read more**

A portrait photograph of General Sir John H. Dill, a man with a mustache wearing a military uniform.



A voice out of time

With his first novel at 13 years old, Hugh MacLennan, 73, is Canada's institution. He's an iconoclast, a catalytic, alkaline view of the world after the destruction of the nuclear war.

Beyond the economy

Pushed by dwindling housing alternatives, an increasing number of Canadians are embracing the urgent '80s while in the '70s seemed a more tame era of moderation. **Page 2**

DOCUMENT 1

- | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----|--|----|--|
| Editorial | 3 | endangered species | 30 | Massey-Ferguson stage Canadian film industry |
| Backstage, Kingston | 4 | World | 30 | dried up |
| Podium, Israel Reaches | 4 | Night of the generals in Turkey; the secret | 45 | Books |
| This Country | 5 | treasures behind the Syrian-Uyghur merger | 46 | Television |
| Hockey defrosting | 7 | British sex scandal: Poland's prospects | 52 | Literature |
| Geffiner: Jerusalem | 12 | U.S.A. | 54 | Co-op houses goes beyond the commune |
| Profile: George McNeill | 14 | The scandal grows over Canada's new | 56 | Ideas |
| Letters | 20 | lights: the New York literary empire | 56 | Shock waves from Jewish chess champions |
| Cascade | 21 | People | 58 | Films |
| Constitution 1980: Winnipeg Symphony | 22 | Sports | 60 | Festival of Festivals gala—Red Tinted Si- |
| turnout, peaking early | 23 | The suspension of Sergio Jasinski | 61 | jeve and The Conductor |
| Treat! Frayne's Column | 23 | Treat! Frayne's Column | 62 | Allen Fotheringham / Column |

WorldCat.org is a registered trademark of OCLC Online Computer Library Center, Inc.



Elegant, sophisticated, bold... Sears can match your mood

Let your good taste show! Whatever your bathroom style, Sears has a complete range of fixtures and accessories to create a fashion look. Priced to meet a wide range of decorating budgets, too! Stop by your nearest Sears retail store, or make your choice from our catalogue and add a new dimension to your bath decor.

Sears

your money's worth...and more

Editorial

No more gabfests—Trudeau will have to write it himself



By Peter C. Newman

There was nothing ambiguous about the failure of last week's constitutional conference. For six days the 11 men who head this country's governments had searched for a formula that might allow Canada to alter and domesticate its constitution. By the end of that exercise (which followed a summer of intensive preparations) the extent of their agreement was scarcely visible. Instead of allowing themselves to become statesmen, the participating politicians opted for their parish pungs; in fact, they managed the almost incredible feat of moving backward nearly a full decade, so that after six days of jaw-boiling they were actually further away from agreement than they had been at the Victoria Conference of 1971.

Although he must carry his share of the blame, Pierre Trudeau is now left with little choice. To do nothing, to surrender himself to the status quo position being advocated by most provincial premiers, would amount to a betrayal of the 2.1 million Quebecers who voted "no" in last May's referendum. Only by bringing home the British North America Act and adapting it in line with contemporary realities can Trudeau live up to the pledge he gave on May 14.

Probably the strangest aspect of last week's alternative conference was the resilience of its participants

(except for Trudeau and Ontario's Bill Davis) to count themselves as Canadians. All week they pumped up their rhetoric by voicing derivative debating points against the dark and scheming force represented by Canada's federal administration, all but forgetting the country to which they owe their prime allegiances. (This tendency reached its most comic moment when Angus MacLean of Prince Edward Island called himself "an Islander first, a Maritimer second, and a Canadian third".)

Though patriation has successfully avoided agreement since Justice Minister Ernest Lapointe first brought it up at a Dominion-provincial conference in 1967, drafting a new constitution isn't that simple an achievement. More than a hundred executives have rewritten theirs since the Second World War. But for Canada it's very much more than an academic exercise. On the few occasions when this country has experienced great internal emergencies—such as theassevering Depression of the 1930s or the military mobilization of the '60s—they have nearly all been national problems requiring national solutions. The current energy crisis could well balloon to similar proportions.

By their unwillingness to compromise regional differences, the provincial premiers have forced Ottawa to act on its own. The outcome of Canada's new constitution will be Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Maclean's

Editor

Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor

E. Charles M. McLean

Editorial

John W. Esmonde, Robert Mundell

Art Director

Mark Blyth

Design

Donald Bellamy, Carolyn Anglin, Alan Waller

Design Editor

David North

Entertainment Editor

Anne Colton

Environment Editor

John Weller

Features Editor

Michael Chapman

Finance Editor

Robert Mundell

Food Editor

John Gutfreund

Health Editor

Robert Lefebvre

Home Editor

John H. Parker

Books Editor

Thomas Hockenberry

Arts Editor

Thomas Hockenberry

Woman's Editor

Muriel D. O'Farrell

Editor of Housewares

Alice Aronoff

Letters

John Weller

Music

John Weller

Opinion

John Weller

Science

John Weller

Society

John Weller

Correspondents:

Monique Boisjoly, Michael MacLeod, Pauline Marois, Robert McRae, Diane Ross, David Stobie

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Columnists:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Contributing Editors:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Book Reviews:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Books Received:

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Edwin Morris, George Plimpton, Dennis Charkiewicz, Freda Rutherford, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

Christopher Moore, Michael Pollio, John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

John Ross, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay, Garry Shrum, Gérard Tremblay

SEPT. 22, 1980

Books Received, Books Received

Books Received, Books Received</

Jamaica's rocky road

By Kenneth Maxwell

Two monkeys, looking out through the bars of their enclosure in the zoo, were watching the antics of the people in front of them. The female turned to her mate and said: "You know, Horace, I'm glad we keep people behind bars, because they could be such a bad influence on the children." What you see depends largely upon where you stand, and from my vantage, Jamaica, far all its problems, is doing all right.

Granted, some of the problems are formidable, from illegitimate exchange to violence, from lack of spare parts to unemployment. Lack of foreign exchange is not only causing financial difficulties and in business dealings, it causes factories to lay off workers, and makes it almost impossible to import raw materials. Six years ago the country had a net foreign reserve of \$130 at those Jamaicans approximately \$84 million Canadian, while in March of 1980 it had a minor foreign reserve of \$68 million Jamaican (about \$45 million Canadian). Unemployment, too, has risen to the region of 30 per cent. While figures mean little, statistics can prove anything. Jamaicans have been feeling a very real pride of price increases and shortages of consumer goods. That apart, it is temporarily unavoidable, given the circumstances, to reduce salaries and choose items as scarce as gold.

The opposition has used these hardships as accusations in the election campaign under way on the island. Both parties have presented their candidates—Edward Seaga, leader of the Jamaica Labour Party, is challenging Prime Minister Michael Manley. Manley's People's National Party (PNP), so far, is in a distant second place in the polls with the election scheduled for some time in October.

It is true that there has been a lot of violence in the last six months—ripping and rioting. It is also true that the bloodshed has dropped off markedly from 13 deaths in July to 20 in August. And although many Jamaicans have fled to the supposedly safer enclaves of other countries, there still is a lot of life. The violence that makes the headlines abroad, while it distresses Jamaicans, has not been seen in earnest. It takes place almost entirely in the urban areas of the city of Kingston. The streets are more freely walked than they are in peace.

Manley's opponents have expressed fears that the violence could lead to political chaos, a destabilizing situation that might lead Manley to turn Jamaica into a Cuban-style police state. The island has also seen a seemingly endless stream of ex-CIA members warning us of great length how Chile was destabilized. But in spite of the val-

iant attempts of some politicians and people in the media to point fingers of blame, Jamaica remains remarkably stable. If any foreign influence, with its local agents, is trying to destabilize it, there must be getting worried. It is quite clear that the elections will take place, even though Seaga has said he fears the use of a trumped-up emergency to delay the voting.

What is more, the process of law goes on in spite of violence. It also appears to go on, which is just as important. For example, a container of goods was discovered in the Prospect area loaded with shotgun cartridges. It was consigned to a company, Mooses Limited, removed to the safe-shut of the City government. Despite the political pressure the manager was arrested here without bail, tried, found guilty, and had half a million Jamaican dollars (the straightforward approach does not look like favoritism or partiality toward Manley's friends) in Hammersmith.

The army is now assisting the police in the task of dealing with violence under the Suppression of Crime Act passed in 1974 by the first Michael Manley government, and the dramatic drop in crime coincides almost exactly with this event. Even the offices of various politicians have been searched for evidence of complicity in the violence. The PNP has taken this in very ill humor and one of Manley's ministers took part in a demonstration against police legislation. In a speech to the protesters, the prime minister had adapted much better than the PNP and made no loud protest. The government is therefore putting itself in the position of seeming to object publicly to sending in a paramilitary force, while the opposition is bringing the gravity of law and order.

That there is political violence is understandable, but it seems more than likely that it is local rather than foreign, for no one can destabilize a country but itself. Can anyone envisage Switzerland being destabilized? Think in mind the terrain of Jamaica (where a 95-km journey takes roughly two hours over good roads), the low level of literacy and the high level of conservatism normal to a rural society—and Jamaica is still rural. Ninety-nine per cent of Jamaicans is still peasant and traditional, while the rest of the country has not been seen in earnest. It takes place almost entirely in the urban areas of the city of Kingston. The streets are more freely walked than they are in peace.

Manley's opponents have expressed fears that the violence could lead to political chaos, a destabilizing situation that might lead Manley to turn Jamaica into a Cuban-style police state. The island has also seen a seemingly endless stream of ex-CIA members warning us of great

Kenneth Maxwell is a journalist living in Kingston.



Manley: the process of law goes on

\$1.each.

The Art of Emily Carr
223 pages
170 color plates
Retail \$45.00



Kew Gardens
100 images of British
Botanical art prints
for framing.
Retail \$20.00



Kenshō
Canadian
279 pages,
more than
80 plates
Retail \$29.95

Krieghoff
204 pages,
184 plates,
many in
color.
Retail \$39.95

Treasures of Canadian art. 96% to 98% off.

We'll send you any ten of these books for \$2 if you'll join the Readers Club of Canada and buy four of our Selections or Alternatives as a year.

There's no further obligation, though we'll work to keep you with Canadian best sellers at regular savings, and bonus points for extra-order discounts.

Our free club catalog describes new releases. If you want an issue of a Selection, do nothing and we'll send it. If you want another book, or none at all, just send back our form to tell us. Your bill will include a small charge for shipping and handling.

Enclosed is \$2 as payment in full for these two books. my job shipping and handling on the rest
 Krieghoff Carr Denby Kenshō

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Diver delivery slightly outside Canada, Mexico
Readers' Club of Canada
69 Front St. East, Toronto, Ontario M5B 1R3

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

When I look to the future, it is a sad loud sound'

By Naomi Rachel



I have been forced to leave home in Toronto, San Francisco, a small town in Mexico, and a gulf island in British Columbia. Always on the run, I'm seemingly a pedophile never packing my pouch and trying yet another refuge. Packing all my goods that, with one exception, are continuously missing—the stereo and fatted speakers. I am a refugee from sound—struck by an unusual sound mostly made up of loud music and loud voices conveyed electronically, which retorts and really overpowers thought and privacy.

I am a poet, aged 26, and the last time I left home I was 11. I live with an artist, is 33, and we have a son, aged 10, and a dog, aged 6. We were born, it seems, with the earwax of a certain era. Since our studio is attached to our home in a residential area, we can't escape the sound infiltration from 9 to 5. But could we anywhere? The lobbies of office buildings are basements of Muzak as are the shopping floors of department stores. Sitting in a doctor's waiting room, I have acquired other aches in addition to my original complaint. We have waited out of restaurants because it was impossible to have our order heard, not even think of conversing. Who has had a quiet conversation in a room full of jangled sounds, one has taken the public report as a personal insult. Not only have I been left with tortured ears, but I have received peer after peer in revenge for my anguish.

How can one think creatively and logically when the air is filled with jingles and blats of sound? The cold drafts, interrupt the space of contemplation? The constant chime, absorbed the environment and rocks the world into a senseless that keeps one quiet because it serves worse主人。

At a progressive high school a few weeks ago, I was giving a reading when I was interrupted by a sudden blast of noise. I looked around in anger to locate the culprit. To my complete surprise, the students rose as one and yelled out of the room. I learned later that the bell was considered noise. It certainly saved the teacher any clever words or house assignments. The students dawdled and pranced to their next class and the noise stopped only when it was time for learning to begin again.

I suppose it is probably only a few noise freaks who respond on the rest of us, the quiet majority. We are helpless, though, in the battle for our sound privacy. It takes only one person to turn on a radio or a boom box to distract the many sitting in silence. It is the sheer deafness of those with noise that impresses. Of course, there are many noise

that pollute our silence presence, but I do not feel annoyed by construction sounds. A lawn mower, a power saw, a jackhammer may be intrusive, but because they are necessary and constructive their noise is tolerable. A stereo 10 times louder than is required to hear the song is destructive. There is no need for it and I see it as a symptom of the selfishness and thoughtlessness of our society.

Noise freaks are found the world over on sidewalks, in parks and in cars at red lights, windows open, blaring their message. I sense that message is often intended to cover this usage: "I'm with it. I'm into the concert scene." What better way to declare this than with head music? It is the ultimate living distance announcement.

Loud stereo sound must be a blessing to couples and families who can't talk to each other without quarreling. Now they need not even try. They just turn it up, the louder the louderness of failure. I suspect the addiction to head music is related to a fractured world where people find it difficult to communicate and then simply kill the told. Why write a letter when you can send a tape? Why attempt to be witty in conversations when you can turn on a comic complete with laugh track?

Recently we were at a collector's apartment looking at some paintings. There were three of us speaking in normal tones, and we soon shuttled the radio, loudly relating the success story of David and the Slugs. Our voices rose to compete, but in my opinion that voice would fill the air and soon the house. There is, of course, an advantage to having the fourth voice consider if you are shy or feel incompetent. In conversation, no one need discover your shyness.

When I think to the future, it is a sad loud sound. Leader as the listeners grow deaf. What we generate becomes the older generation, will they be quiet at long last? I fear not. If you love it loud at 20 or 30, you'll love it louder at 40 or 50.

I have tried being polite, a pest, making official and desperate complaints and crying. I simply can't be heard. A house contains a castle of silence amplified. Even that castle of independence has been penetrated by the noise soldiers since the time by James Otis was written: "A man's house is his castle, and whilst he is quiet, he is as well guarded as a prince in his castle." Without that "guarded quiet," my plea is a squall. The only silent solution I have found so far is backpacking. The snow silence of 3200 metres is well worth the effort and, yes, even the risk of encountering an occasional grizzly. If the mountain is high enough, really sound is too heavy to carry.

Naomi Rachel is a poet living in North Vancouver.



This Canada

History defrosting



By Peter Carlyle-Gordon

On the artifical Indian beach below the craggy cliffs of York Factory, 250 km southeast of Churchill, Man., Parks Canada archaeologist John Conibear stares wistfully at the eddying Hayes River and beyond, to the mouth of Hudson Bay. "York has to be one of the five most important archaeological sites in this country," yet few Canadians seem to care," he says with a frustrated sigh. Melting away the exposed edge of permafrost is endangering the entire site, sealing layer upon layer of Canadian history—numbered onto the beach and into the river. "All we can do is salvage what we can," he says. "It would take 50 years to do a good job and one day it will be too late." As Conibear speaks, another chunk of earth cracks to the beach below. When high tides come, the long-buried treasures it may hold will be washed away forever.

Snowy drifts and low mounds on sandbank York Factory, but that is long enough to melt a little more of the drifts, turning them to slush. In a century or less, nothing will remain of what once was a bustling community, commanding a trading empire of 2 million square miles. Founded in 1688, York Factory was the main northern depot for the Hudson's Bay Company, manufacturing and importing trade goods to the Cree and Athabasca Indians for their furs. It was also the scene of the French-English two-and-a-half-year war of 1712 when the Treaty of Utrecht ended York to the British. For 275 years it traded with the natives, its massive fleet ebbing with the ships of com-

pany. "Few of us seem to care."

more, its guns hauling with ease, as small schooners ferried in their cargoes of wine, tobacco, food and goods from British ships anchored upstream at Fort Fathom Hole.

At its zenith (around 1860), York housed more than 30 buildings and a population of 300. Where grasses are now buried by a layer from Tex Shilling Creek, there once stood a blacksmith's, a cooper's, a church, a school—a self-contained community. Today there remains only the below-excavated churchyard and a massive wooden door, constructed when Queen Victoria was a girl. The door has a four-legged base, which is typical of the shifting permafrost. The same granite walls are stacked with weathered driftwood—"It's the 5th of May and it's still snowing." "There's no ship yet."

The churchyard, hidden in a tangle of twisted willows, contains well over 100 graves. Most have crude wooden crosses, given with age, with the names of their owners long since gone. Behind an iron railing lies Chief Pierre William Sinclair, who could afford stone and marble, and did. The one in will sit here, the frost line only less than a metre below the surface. "What it means," says John Conibear with some awe, "is that probably all the bodies in this graveyard are perfectly preserved. The medical possibilities are astounding."

The importance of this section of the site has not gone unnoticed. Dr. William Rast of Winnipeg has been fascinated for 30 years and has studied Hudson's

The world's most expensive cutlery is also the best

400 years in the making

ZWILLING
J.A. HENCKELS

Quality Knives. Stainless Cutlery.
Manufactured France • Imported New York
2000 Consumers Prefer J.A. Henckels





Naturally, Pure Wool

Bernard Cowan
1891-1971
TORONTO



PURE VIRGIN WOOL.
The Woolmark Label.
If it wears it...it's worth it.

Bay Company medical records stretching back 200 years. Though he relates to disease his work until it's completed and published, the prospects are both bizarre and intriguing. If the frozen corpses were disinterred, might the microbes that killed them—some 150 years ago—still be virulent? And, if some died of diseases we've gone could extinct viruses be isolated, combined with others and used to catalogue some new wonder cure of benefit to mankind?

In its three centuries here, the Hudson's Bay Company recorded everything: weather, tides, invasions, birth, birth, deaths and some notes. Over half a million pages on York Factory alone lie in the Worcester Library stacks. In one, the Hudson's Bay Archivist, Donaldson, a historian on assignment to Parks Canada, has noted of a fitting moment when the barrelful of dioxins have the site was used, what stood where, and when. In the churchyard, Donaldson pauses, lost for a moment in reverie. "History comes alive here. There lies the body of a man whose letters I was reading last night. He died 120 years ago, yet I feel I know him. You read what these people wrote and you know what the future held, how they would end. Sometimes you walk could intercede and warn them not to do this or that because you know the outcome. It's a queer feeling."

Much of Donaldson's reading is dry stuff, but there is a splash of color here and there. Fights and scandals are hinted at; a suicide simply leaves a trail of clothes leading to an ice hole on the river, and a man with a coat full of fireworks is accidentally blown up. There were famous visitors: in 1881 the Selkirk settlers first set foot here on their way inland; a Franklin expedition passed in and tragic quasi-a star. A Starvation Point, and more recently, the Polar expedition also visited. At Christmas time, a boisterous dance was held in Bachelor's Hall beside the depot, with Indians of the Sioux camped outside. Before the evening ended each female had been kissed by well-fertilized company employees and treated to guinea fowl ham. "I love you," quipped one, as one John George McTavish noted, "with a few measured raps."

The cliff drop crazily like a Dahl painting and the scratch of tressels goes on, under the keen eye of Gary Adams, an archaeologist with a flaming beard and a frustration to match. At the present rate no more than two per cent of this site will be unearthed by 1985. One single square metre has yielded 1,200 artifacts. Adams is busy now with the deepest house and would like to construct a complete socioeconomic map of the site. But the present, it seems, are elsewhere. Hundreds of thousands of



Schenley O.F.C. the only 8-Year Old that's guaranteed right on the back of the bottle.

Canadian law requires distillers to place a stamp on their whisky bottles showing the year the whisky was distilled.

With Schenley O.F.C., we go a lot further. We specify that our whisky has been aged in charred white oak casks, for a full 8 years. We believe 8 years is a perfect aging time for whisky. When it reaches its prime for a smooth, mellow taste.

Schenley O.F.C. The 8-year old that's guaranteed.

CANADIAN SCHENLEY DISTILLERY LTD.



Donaldson: History has come alive here'

dollars are being spent on non-endangered sites, millions more as National Park development. York Factory has a budget of \$300,000 to last five years. It's not enough.

Already, it is two years of serious digging, a handful of students have unearthed fully preserved medicines, clothing and trade goods—more than 30,000 artifacts in all. If the project had the funding it needs and the manpower, no one doubts that more than 100,000 could be recovered every year. Last year Professor Arthur Ray of York University applied to the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada for a \$5 million grant to carry on a five-year multidisciplinary excavation and research project involving up to 70 people. It would include ecological, archaeological, labor, manufacturing, medical and nutritional studies, but the funding was not forthcoming. Ray will apply again next July. "It's frustrating because York Factory has to be the single most important site of the entire fur trade period," he says. "It has a wealth of perfectly preserved information and we have a detailed record of these centuries of European invasions in Canada's North. Larger sums are being spent on other sites, yet they're as to danger and their yield of artifacts is often small."

It seems, for now, that, as one carves such neglect is nothing new. As recently as 1966, 700 natives gathered at York to trade their furs, but by 1968 the number had dwindled to 75 and the massive depot, 38 metres by 32 metres and built round a quadrangle, closed its doors forever the following year. From 1967 to 1968 the site was totally neglected. Buildings collapsed, were torn down or burned. Visitors in canoes stopped and marvelled at such indifference.

ence and padded on with acrobatics—even the depot's elaborate door handles were taken by American visitors. Ironically, it was the Americans—members of the Minnesota Historical Society—who finally wrote to the federal government and shamed it into declaring York Factory a protected and national historic site in 1968.

Parks Canada appointed Doug MacLellan as site caretaker. The appointment was appropriate, since MacLellan worked at York as a 10-year-old apprentice for buyer in 1938 and even shared the same birthday—May 2—as the Hudson's Bay Company. Although not a trusted anthropologist, MacLellan did what he thought best, gathering artifacts and storing them in the depot. Canaries became his own trade goods, as he paid native children for their finds



Naval artifacts (above), York in 1797; in 100 years nothing at all will be left.



in the brush—blankets, cannon balls and all the trimmings of two centuries later. In an economy move, he was fired, or "made redundant" in bureaucratic speak.

MacLellan lives on still at York, living in what used to be a hothouse. He is fighting his dismissal with lawsuits and letters. In winter he traps. In summer he welcome paddlers and moves the grass on the cliffs. In his decade of caretaking and salvaging he has met thousands of visitors and kept the Hudson's Bay Company traditions alive, writing a daily journal of tides, weather and general happenings. "I've even entertained a lieutenant-governor," he says with pride.

In its sumptuous gables York Factory's faded beauty whispers of the past. About 15 dressy dagdrifts hang on golden battooms and dandifolds from England. The inhabitants used the latter in salads, turning the flowers into wine. Here too grow English gooseberries and wild, wine-tinted aubretias, bluebells, crimson fireweed and Queen Anne's lace. To walk around York Factory is to walk back in time. Above the depot is the hexagonal lookout tower, the ags' single. Visiting scurbs, including three Manitoba premiers, have etched their names on the dark woodwork. Here otterines stand and watched the Hounds, scoring the north of the bay for ships, the Bluffer to the Old World. In the rafters, the wind howled as it does today, east to the West, across the marsh and scrub, ancient eyes beheld the Nelson River, two hours' travel away. About 100 years ago, La Pêche crewed their way and took York Factory fort for the French, in the snowstorms of vire. Does it matter? □



NOVA... building for the Canadian future.

NOVA... An Alberta Corporation ...for all of Canada. Our company is focused on energy, for the 1980's and beyond.

We began in Alberta in the 1950s as Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company, active in gas transmission today, NOVA is actively involved in petroleum and petrochemicals, manufacturing, and pipeline development... all energy-related.

**NOVA
AN ALBERTA
CORPORATION**

...for all of Canada.



See Other Box P19. Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Tel 214-214.



An old city's walls of the mind

By Eric Silver

Mosheh Begn's prospective new neighbors are not around. Far from them. Abu Ta'ala, a 55-year-old widower, his two daughters-in-law and 12 grandchildren, the Israeli prime minister's imminent move from Jewish West Jerusalem to Arab East is an abstinent political issue. Begn's office and other law- and five-star government buildings that have gone up over the past two years are steadily laying siege to the Palestinian family's ancient neighborhood. The bulldozers responsible there are cracking the walls of two cement cuttings which were used as a kitchen and bedroom, and all 14 Abu Ta'ala's test to mention Zionists' two sons when they came over a year from their jobs in Saudi Arabia have been forced to live in two bedrooms and a living room.

The presence of a military Arab house in the middle of the new government compound is an obvious embarrassment to Israeli security men. Even before Begn had decided to move there, they had tried to push out the Abu Ta'ala's offering their compensation and another house elsewhere. The three women, refugees 33 years ago from the Arab village of Lifta in West Jerusalem, refused to go.

Arabs have denied their own way through the maze. "If we have a local story that we know well if suppressed, we pass it on to an Israeli re-

porter. Once he publishes it, we are free to follow up." Yitzhak, exasperated. "Comments are clearly welcome. 'You know what you want to say,'" he added, "and you know what you are allowed to say, so you try to find something in between. Usually you don't succeed."

The shopping streets of East Jerusalem are bustling, loud and a little tacky. Business is good. The locals have money and the tourists keep coming. But the Arab merchants have their complaints too. "Nobody here accepts that Jerusalem is the capital of Israel," said one who asked that his name not be used. "Not long ago, a business strike was called to protest at the new law. The police came to our houses at 1 and 2 in the morning and took us off to jail. When we got back, they kept us there until 6 o'clock, then they took us to a nearby still in east Jerusalem, and forced us to open the shop. They wouldn't let us go home to wash and dress first. It became a strike, but it makes us angry."

Thousands of Arabs cross Jerusalem every day to work on Israeli building sites, in hotels, cafés, factories and workshops where they are the silent majority (perhaps even a silent majority). Alas, one is of them. He has worked for nine years in a Jewish-owned garage, servicing and repairing cars. For his politics taken second place. "When the Jordanians were here," he said in self-taught Hebrew, "it was hard to find work. You had to know somebody to get a job. If you didn't, you had to cross the river and look in Amman. With the Israelis, there's plenty of work. For people like us, that's the first thing. We

Israeli office buildings in East Jerusalem; psychological walls grow up

shall not leave. We have nowhere else in the world. We don't trust the Israelis. They expelled us first from Lifta, then they expropriated land on this site that belonged to other members of our family. We don't want another house. Even if they mean what they say, they will probably put us in the desert somewhere." Final notice to quit was issued last weekend, but in the subsequent fury of publicity the prime minister's aides let it be known that he would not insist on their eviction. The threat has been lifted—temporarily.

The shopping streets of East Jerusalem are bustling, loud and a little tacky. Business is good. The locals have money and the tourists keep coming. But the Arab merchants have their complaints too. "Nobody here accepts that Jerusalem is the capital of Israel," said one who asked that his name not be used. "Not long ago, a business strike was called to protest at the new law. The police came to our houses at 1 and 2 in the morning and took us off to jail. When we got back, they kept us there until 6 o'clock, then they took us to a nearby still in east Jerusalem, and forced us to open the shop. They wouldn't let us go home to wash and dress first. It became a strike, but it makes us angry."

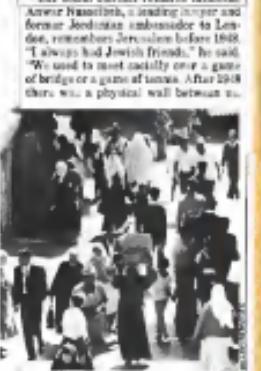
Jerusalem street. This sort of mixing

now money to feed our children."

The 100,000 East Jerusalem Arabs move freely about the city, as do Jerusalem's 550,000 Jews. Arab workers are a common sight as the sewage Israeli houses, though Jews are more likely than taking Arab minority status in the other direction. The very communistic Abu Ta'ala, a cobbler that cuts their both while their political differences are unresolved. Jews and Arabs, who are increasingly difficult for the outsider to tell apart as the Arabs grow up their kaffiyeh and ankle-length shaluk in favor of jeans and T-shirts, buy and sell to each other. Most of the Oriental Jews speak Arabic, many of the Arabs have learned Hebrew.

But social contact remains minimal. Abu Hassoun, a leading lawyer and former Jordanian ambassador to London, remembers Jerusalem before 1967. "I always had Jewish friends," he said. "We used to meet socially over a game of bridge or a game of tennis. After 1967 there was a physical wall between us,

apartments for the Palestinian left. Last month the military government banned Jews from entering the occupied West Bank. His views on Jerusalem's future are clear and uncompromising: Israel must give up the eastern part of the city during the peace process. In the last days we talked of the Israeli as a次要的 peace. We told them enough is enough. But that only served Israel's cause. We cannot deny the fact that they have formed a nation. But by accepting this fact, we start our own right to stay and live alongside them with the choice of each people to its own way of life." □



We All Have A SPECIAL KIND OF SKIN UNDER OUR ARMS.

Right: Instead of your regular deodorant, Mosheh Begn uses a product that looks like a paint jar.

Below: The author's wife, Linda, uses a special cream under each arm. When they were married,

the skin under your arms became different from the skin anywhere else on your body.

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Below:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Left:

She applied this product to her armpits. She says she can't stop thinking about it. "It's like a perfume that smells like roses."

Right:

She applied this product to

Profile: George McMullen

A feel for the past



Mcmullen at home and (inset) in Egyptian desert; *in hat*, hunting flight

By Clare Gerus

The city was modern Alexandria, built on the ruins of ancient earlier Egyptian civilizations. A dusty hot air sped along under the sweltering Mediterranean sun. Suddenly one of them exclaimed, "We just drove over the top of Cleopatra's palace." Their enthusiasm other matters, his companions paid him little attention. But two days later they drove over the same ground and George McMullen again said, "There's Cleo's palace." He excitedly began describing a palace and insisted that it had extended out into the sea.

"See the fifth house out there?" Nobody else did, says McMullen was describing something that existed more than 1,000 years ago. He went on to predict that divers would find columns, statues and large, crossed heads at a specific spot in the harbor. Later, divers did find just what McMullen had described. The statues and columns have been identified tentatively as part of a Ptolemaic palace complex, and a huge four-flour house where McMullen says "Cleo's palace" does appear to be a palace floor. Alexanderian archaeologists say. And another ex-

plore-kidnapper, Stephan Schwartz of Los Angeles, working with McMullen on the project, says his companion's description corresponds closely to a description of the Ptolemy's palace complex—written in 30 BC by the historian Strabo.

That discovery, last year, was all in the day's work for McMullen, 60, of Niagara Falls. Archaeologists call him "the world's greatest archaeological psychologist." But after about 18 years in the field, McMullen still balks at the term "psychologist." "I hate that word," he grimaces. "To me, you link those with mediums and fortune-tellers. I don't do those things. I'm an intuitive." An engaging blend of arch-conservatism ("My family calls me Archibald Bunker") and unassumingly friendly, McMullen has been "intuitive" ever since he can remember. One of his childhoods in a fatherless home, McMullen was always considered "lucky." He recalls picking up First World War souvenirs at the age of 8 and storing them in his mind of where and how they had been used. Growing up in Mount Dennis, Ont., he excelled in geography ("I knew every country and its capital city without being told"). His education ended with Grade 9, and McMullen took on a series of jobs, including one as a real estate sales agent in Mississauga. But he left real estate in 1969 when, at the age of 43, he met Norman Emerson, chairman of the department of archaeology at the University of Toronto and a specialist in Iron-age Indian history.

Emerson learned through his wife, Anne, that the husband of her friend Lettie could hold objects and tell about their past. He curiously enough, he arranged a test sitting at McMullen's kitchen table in Peterborough, Ont., one day. Emerson handed him a robe and asked for a description. Although he had no formal knowledge of archaeology, McMullen described the object as a garment, made a drawing of its original shape and described not only the maker of the robe but also the living conditions at the time. "It was found within 300 miles [100 km] of Tucson," he added. The professor had been digging near Tucson at Black Creek, Lower Village. The drawing was of an Iron-age pipe of the same time period, between 1470 and 1670 AD. Emerson was amazed: "George had passed down and lowered a very small needle in a very large haystack," he wrote later.

And so a close working friendship began. For the next seven years, the PhD and the Grade 9 graduate worked together on sites throughout Ontario and Quebec. Word of McMullen's abilities spread in the archaeological world. For three years he worked on and off with Hugh Louis Cayce, son of famed psychic Edgar Cayce, in Israel, Iran and Egypt.

Just for a minute,
I'll let her think I've forgotten what today is.



A diamond is forever.



Choice Scotch Whisky
doesn't have to leave you in a pinch.



Vat 69 Gold.
A connoisseur's answer to inflation.

to investigate some of his father's Edgaric readings. In 1850, the year Emerson died of a stroke, McLellan was recruited by Schottstaedt, a writer interested in psychic archaeology. In his book *The Secret Veins of Time*, he described Emerson's work with McLellan. He had recently formed The Melville Group, a research house of science and parapsychological experts to conduct archaeological studies and McLellan was invited to join them on probe trips. After teaming up with the Melville group in North America, the team arranged a camp-permission to explore Alexander and in try to find the lost city of Meroe, near a flowing port near Alexandria.

Macmillan's location had long stamped archaeologists as being in a nearly 28°C of desert heat south of Alexandria. Macmillan was told only that the city of Mary lay buried somewhere within 225 square miles (over 12 times the area of Manawatu Island). Macmillan went to work. He trudged for three days through scrubland and sand dunes until he found what he believed to be the city he had been told were five kilometers away. At the same time, he swiftly climbed up a nearby hill—or perhaps dislodged it—in the eyes of the rest of the team. But through that strange faculty which buffers science, archaeology and wariness, most observers—Macmillan could "swell"—lent him little credit. He began to describe a building that lay beneath the surface. It was used for commerce during the Byzantine era, he claimed, and before that as a place of worship for Christians. "Impossible," protested the skeptical observer. "This was obviously the site of the Roman fortifications, since this is the inner wall in the name." Macmillan insisted he was right. Byzantine, but one thing puzzled him. "I don't understand it," he kept saying. "There's a floor, but no floor." He "saw" black, red and white stripes between six and eight feet (1.8 and 2.4 meters) below the surface. The tiles which emanated, were found at seven feet (two meters) and were black, red and white. The floor had indeed been striped away, with only the tiles themselves. These were taken to a laboratory for analysis. The results were gratifyingly Edmunds of the British Archaeological Mission confirmed they were Byzantine mosaics. The final discovery of a red cross on the foundations underscored the building's Christian origins. During the Byzantine era, a building's foundations were consecrated with a cross to ward off pagan vibrations free below.

McMullen had erred on only two counts. He had seen square, not round, tiles and had estimated them at 6 inches [15 cm]; instead of the 2½ inches [6.35 cm] they turned out to be. "No problem in 100-per-cent accuracy," says George Schaeffer, McMullen's north-

SHEAFFER

The Lady Sheaffer Ballpoint is known for its beauty, its writing ease, the quality of each intricate part. And the Lady Sheaffer Ballpoint is worth even more to those of us who realize the value of the Sheaffer name.

Look for the Sheaffer White Dot — your assurance of exceptional craftsmanship in fine writing instruments.

Share your
good taste.
Give a Sheaffer.

SHEAFFER GARDEN www.sheaffergarden.com

卷之三

**Won't you plant hope
in the heart of a child?**

For just \$19.00 a month, you or your group can give a needy child and his family overseas the vital necessities of life and the precious gift of hope. Please share your love. Send your help now.

Call toll free anytime
1-800-258-7174

Information will be sent immediately
or fill in the boxes below.



 PLAN	FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA
151 ST. CLAIR AVENUE WEST TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA M7P 1B8	
I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy <input type="checkbox"/> girl <input type="checkbox"/> I am a single parent <input type="checkbox"/> my spouse is deceased <input type="checkbox"/> I make my first payment of \$1800 Monthly <input type="checkbox"/> \$2000 Quarterly <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> \$1100 2nd Anniversary <input type="checkbox"/> \$2200 Annuality <input type="checkbox"/> I can't become a Foster Parent right now, however I enclose my application of <input type="checkbox"/> Please send me more information <input type="checkbox"/> Tel No. <input type="checkbox"/> Name _____ Address _____ City _____ Postn. _____ Prov. _____ Code _____ I wish communication with PLAN to be in English <input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/> PLAN operates in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, PEI, Newfoundland, Yukon, Northwest Territories, Nunavut, and the Canadian Forces. Some Canadian States have their own Fostering Agencies. Some Canadian Charitable Organizations, including the Fostering Government, contribute to the development of PLAN.	



"AFTER TEN YEARS, THE CARPET STILL LOOKS BEAUTIFUL."

"Four kids. A sheepdog. Two dogs. Nothing seemed to faze our Crossley Karastan® carpet."

"In fact, after the kids left home, and we redid the room for ourselves, we kept our ten-year-old carpet. It still looked beautiful."

Weaving. Complex and painstaking dyeing techniques. Over fifty quality checks. And an eye for fashion. Those are some of the things that make a Crossley Karastan carpet so beautiful. And why its beauty has lasted so long for the Fosters of Burlington. They're also the reasons it will last for you.

Crossley 
Karastan
Beauty that lasts

people isn't as easy as it sounds. Many they can't be shocked. Others may have been once correct, but now aren't. When George tells me, for example, there are tiles on the wall of a building, and they're not there. It doesn't mean they weren't at one time." McMullen's intuition was stiff in high gear, and later on that expedition he found the so-called Cleopatra's palace.

How does McMullen locate his sites? "When they ask me about a certain place," he says, "I can see it in my mind. Then I try to place it on a map." The job wasn't too difficult, McMullen said, be-

cause more than 200 years apart. Because the four middle columns were less than 200 years apart, McMullen found himself putting them in groups of 1, 2, 3, 2b, 3c, 3d and 4, rather than a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Radinewski was stunned and shaking him hand, told McMullen, "What you have done in these few months took an archeologist three years to work out!" It had taken McMullen 18½ minutes to sort the pieces.

McMullen, who has no objection to tests, says he's never doubted his own knowledge, and that archeology is an ideal area in which his abilities can be



McMullen with artifacts found a palace

tested. "I always said right from the beginning that I wouldn't do anything if it couldn't be proved. And, as Doc Eimeren used to say, 'the truth's in the digging!'" McMullen is preparing to work on a project in Hawaii involving human remains associated with killer whales; then projects in Italy, Japan and an Atlantic cruise. A family man, he takes his wife, Lettie, and daughter, Cindy, along when possible. Cindy already has plans to become an archeologist when she graduates, and hopes to spend more time in the field with her father.

After this, his work will be shown on Drakie Sharp's interview show and Good Morning, America, one American reporter called McMullen and asked why he didn't move to the U.S. and capitalize on his abilities. "You could make a fortune down here," said McMullen. "But I'm not interested in all that." And, as he looks around his lakefront backyard in the peaceful Nassau countryside, his favorite pastime is golfing. He knows his wife and daughter nearby, he relishes retirement. It takes no special "light" to see that. ♦

Letters

A question of taste

I wish to say that I read your magazine regularly and with enjoyment. However, I refer to an issue where I believe had taste was shown in immediately following a story on the Africa Tragedy (Desafine Nairah, Aug. 4) of starvation with one on *Snowcrust and the Licker's* in East This Canada, Aug. 10. After reading the two pages depicting the many thousands of people starving in East Africa, it was a shock to turn the page and read about the dilemma of choosing flavours of ice cream!

MICHAEL GAVRILLOVA,
VANCOUVER



Having just opened up this week's copy of your magazine, I was rather horrified to note the juxtaposition of the story on the refugee famine in East Africa with the following article about middle-class Canadians having nothing better to do than feed their faces with ice cream.

PAUL MCLELLAN,
TORONTO

To pay or play?

I think that it is very unfortunate that Canada's major symphony orchestras and other performing arts organizations should have to operate with heavy deficits and the threat of bankruptcy continually hanging over their heads. It seems appropriate for the Star (Montreal, Aug. 11). The date of all these cancellations would be a drop in the barrel for the federal government. I agree that inefficiently managed organizations should not be artificially supported. Nevertheless, dollar



Ice cream never too difficult.
Even Adults can be discriminated

for dollars, grants to labour-intensive arts organizations provide more than just a financial cushion. If our orchestras are to continue to grow and gain more recognition throughout the world, it will be by devoting their full efforts to the making of music rather than the covering of the next paycheque.

ROBIN ELLIOTT, THORNHILL, ONT.

Just in case . . .

Thank you for printing that extensive and thorough article on DSS (Ten Years Later, *The Red News Gets Worse*, Health, July 16). Anyone in Canada who thinks they may have been given DSS during their pregnancy or anyone who thinks their mother may have been given DSS while pregnant with them can get further information on finding out if they were not exposed by writing to: Mrs. Arlene Nachash, Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040, U.S.A. Thank you on behalf of DSS-exposed people in your country.

MARCY ALDOR, PRESIDENT,
DSS ACTION, NATIONAL, N.Y.

Olympian gods

Larry Woods is to be commended for so succinctly summarizing Canada's hypocritical stance on the Olympic boycott (*The Olympics Show, Podium*, July 26). Apparently it is all right to sell goods and buy cars from the Russians, but we can't sanctimoniously ourselves through athletic competition. I would, however, take his article one step further. We must recognize that the Olympics are indeed dead, charred by the assassination at Munich and the corruption at Montreal.

JOHN A. TAYLOR,
LEEDS, YORK, ENGLAND

This is a letter to Larry Woods and all those other athletes who supported the government's boycott of the Summer Olympics. I can understand why you may be disappointed in the actions of your government in the days since you made your decision. All those points mentioned by Larry Woods disappoint me too, but that does not mean that you made the wrong decision. I still think you were right. If you had decided to go you would have done so for yourself, but your decision to support the boycott was made for the people of Afghanistan and for your country. You have become for me not just sports heroes but thoughtful and considerate human beings, and I am the proudest of you now, knowing the sacrifice you made. Then I would have been if every one of you had won a gold medal in Moscow. You did not "abstain" your responsibility and truth; you demonstrated a singularly high degree of it. Thank you for representing my country.

JULIA LUSTIGSTEIN,
LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to Maclean's Box 1600, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B8.

Name _____

My new address is:

New Address _____

My old address is attached.

City _____ Prov. _____

My old address is attached.

Postal code:

--	--	--

My old address is attached.

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE
AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY!

I also subscribe to 1) *Champagne and Life* 2) *FLARE* and 3) *McG*. Please and enclose old address labels from these magazines in envelope.

My old address is attached.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Readers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 411 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5J 1A7.



THE MCGUINNESS ATTITUDE

You're not everybody. You make your own choices. You set your own style. Nobody sells you with a label or a fancy price. You know what you like and that's what counts. McGuinness Vodka.

"There's more
to us than sixty words
a minute."
— JIM O'MEARA, SINGER



In a world that demands so much of you, take time to be kind to yourself.

The Four Seasons
Edmonton



Montreal Toronto-Ottawa
Belleville Calgary
Edmonton Vancouver
Israel United States
Ion on the Park
Toronto London, England
Call your Travel Agent
or in Toronto 445-5031
elsewhere in Canada
(800) 268-6282

Judge and be judged

Upon reading the article *Choosing Between Life and Death* (July 28), I was struck at the level of contempt it contained toward all who choose to consider the decision of *Brown vs. Physicians*. It is obvious to see that if a woman can be found not guilty of rape because she "honestly believed" that the woman consented, conversely a woman could have a man charged and convicted on the grounds that she "honestly believed" she was raped. Further, I think it is impossible for a man to innocently believe that because a woman is resisting sexual intercourse she deserves to be raped.

SANDY PATERSON
BRAMPTON, ONT

I am concerned about the statement "value judgments have no place in the law," which appeared in your Justice section. If value judgments do not determine what is legal or illegal, what does? Who's in charge? Value judgments are the foundation of our law. The belief that people should be protected from criminals and their actions is a value judgment, not a conclusion arrived at by reason. Whether a value judgment is right or wrong is not the issue; it is a set of rules that do not measure the right and fight the wrong, but are merely a means by which a government can keep its citizens in line.

R.E. GRUBISIC
BURLINGTON, ONT

Peggy Moon doubtless has a true complaint against Chief Justice Bora Laskin but her language leaves me befuddled. She says "value judgments have no place in the law." But law has something to do with rights, hasn't it? And do we give ourselves rights to things that have no value? Far from having no place, value judgments seem to be right at the heart of the law. The judge in this article fails to realize not because he made a value judgment, but because we don't see reason enough to agree with it.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK KIRKWOOD,
GARRE QUIC.

The labors of Caesar

Your article on caesarean birth brought back with clarity reality the memory of my son's delivery—a memory that has faded little with the passing of time. After two normal deliveries I was apprehensive about the drap-induced labor suggested by my obstetrician. Nothing can describe the terror of my father-

gated husband and myself as, with only seconds to adjust, we faced the death of perhaps myself and the baby. Nor can anything describe the dreadful pain, fear and anxiety for the next couple of hours and the dreadful fear of death as the nurse held my hand hour after hour after the caesarean. I neither saw nor asked to see my baby. Pain was all-encompassing. I want more children, but the fear of another caesarean is too much. Thank you for bringing this tendency to normalize caesarean deliveries to the attention of the public.

KATHERINE SHOTTON, OTTAWA

The current increase in obstetrical intervention described in your article *Doctor's Choice: Mother's Trauma* (Maclean's, July 28) certainly gives cause for concern. However, your somewhat sensational article implies caesarean births are exclusively painful and dangerous. A caesarean birth can be a joyful and positive experience and in spite of being major surgery does not necessarily involve severe pain and morbidity. I have had two children by caesarean. The first under general anaesthesia, the second after the anaesthesia ended as an epidural. The two experiences were quite different. Corrective surgery will remain a disturbing phenomenon as long as the medical profession shields its more irresponsible and indifferent members, and certainly the exposure of these practices is a valid function of responsible journalism. But rather than dwell solely on medical horror stories, let's also give credit and encouragement to progressive, compassionate medical care.

ANGELA KADAKA, OTTAWA

I am most object to your nonstop reporting article on caesarean section deliveries. The only people truly qualified to judge the pros of a section are those who have experienced both labor and caesarean. As one who had 30 hours of labor, followed by a section, and then had to expect a cesarean for my second, can you tell me that a cesarean is a better pathway by comparison? It is also not true that sections are for rare situations. My grandmother was in labor for several days with her first child, and the baby died a few months later. My mother was in labor several days when I was born and she died two months later. Although she technically lived through childbirth, it was major factor in her death. When I think of my mother I never know, when I consider my own two healthy caesarean children, when I think of all the brain-damaged children, I consider surgical deliveries a medical mistake.

AUDREY TORY
BASSEVILLE, S.D.

No matter
how you get there.
Go first class all the way
with Samsonite.

Go with the style, the looks, the quality
of Samsonite. No wonder it's the
choice of most Canadians.
Pictured here is Sultan II.

 Samsonite

Reg'd. trademark of Samsonite



Act, enacted in 1970 but not yet generalized for parking offenses, could eliminate that problem as early as next year. The familiar yellow tag under the windshield will be replaced by a notice that may look similar, but in fact will be a radically different document. Under the new act, the offender signs the place where the ticket was issued and retains it for 10 days and no longer than three. He or she may plead not guilty and request a trial, in which case a trial will be held within three weeks and place 17; however, the offender ignores the ticket, he will be convicted in his absence and without trial by a provincial justice who has examined the ticket for completeness. This procedure will eliminate the need for court summonses and for court appearances by law enforcement officers and will effectively clear the courts of parking offenses. The new act "assumes that everything will go right." It also assumes that everything will go wrong—that everything will go wrong—so that the offender may not see the ticket, for example, or that he may not receive the mailed offense notice.¹

But it isn't that simple. According to

that it has that simple. According to

Edmonton

A city for all seasons

-



© Edmonton

Business Development,
Refugee Support,
Johnson Sisters,
Box 100 E., 333333 180 Street
Edmonton, Alberta T5J 1H4
Phone 426-2204

www.sciencedirect.com

Ron Campbell, minister administrator of the provincial courts in Toronto, sees the problem of parking meters as essentially to their license plate numbers, so he's parking without part of the act won't be generalized. And, because parking time controls only a license number, not a name, the new act, according to Campbell, "could result in a violation of criminal law, without accompanying changes in registration procedures." Because the penalty for nonpayment of fees under the act is non-renewal of automobile registration, the link between motorist and plate owner is obviously crucial. While a vehicle can be sold, for example, under the act, the new owner could be liable on the basis of the previous owner's plates. "It shouldn't happen," says Campbell, "but it could." If change-of-ownership becomes associated with the specific type of computer at the ministry of transportation, which matches names to license numbers, it's lagging. "While, under the new act, a conviction may be responsive within 15 days after it comes to the attention of the person wrongfully convicted, more safeguards are necessary according to Campbell, before the legislation is passed."

Critics doubt that even such safeguards will be good enough. The Association of Provincial Officers, an association of provincial rights, says the University of Toronto history professor W. H. Nelson: "This society is always on the verge of gross abuse of its privileges." The same people who want to come in without trial to solve a bureaucratic problem are the ones who believe we don't need a Bill of Rights in the country because we all know what our rights are! And, as one disgruntled criminal lawyer put it: "Why should parking officers be a matter for the courts at all? If a car's in the wrong place, tow the f----- thing away and impound it until the owner pays the fine plus all costs. That would solve the problem in a hurry." Ann Filipas

Why do all these women love Garry Goldberg?



Because Garry is Cadet Cleaners suede and leather expert.

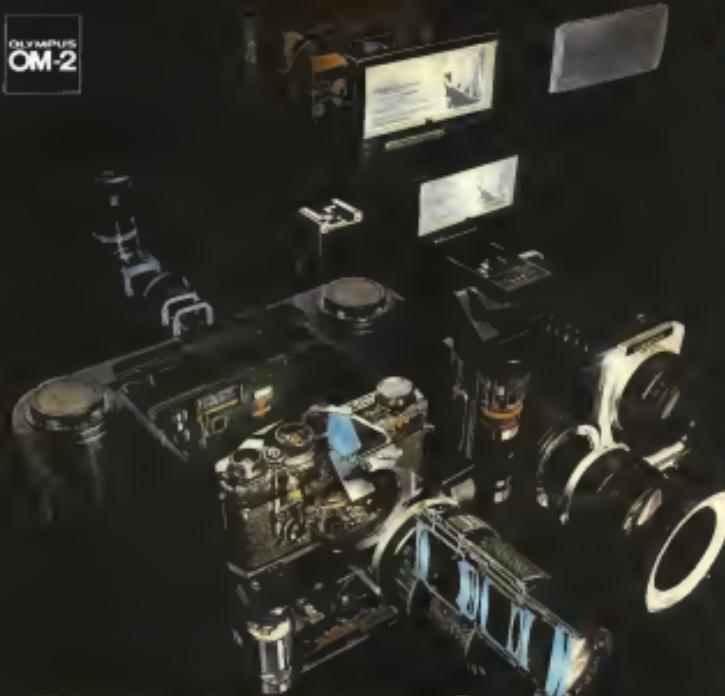
Garry knows how to keep suedes and leathers rich, soft, and supple and how to keep colours true. He knows how to clean suedes and leathers of every type — including fur-trimmed garments.

Garry has expert seamstresses to do repair-work perfectly. For minor repairs Garry doesn't even charge.

All this care from Cadets' Garry, and his team of experts at prices as low as \$14.98 — and one week service. If you have a question about your suede or leather garment, call Garry, Cadets' expert on suede and leather. You'll love Garry too.

 cadet
cleaners

Over 100 convenient stores. Call 656-5601 for the store nearest you.



The body with soul.

It's the body-beautiful OM-2—the essence of OLYMPUS multi-autofocus. This lively electronic camera controls all exposure considerations when and where they really matter. At the film plane during the exposure. The ultimate result is unsurpassed photographic accuracy. Just what you'd expect from the ultimate Sigma SLR.

The spirit of the OM-2 is TTL. Direct "Off the Film" Light Metering. And direct it is. When just the right amount of light splashes across the film, the shutter closes automatically.

So exposures are perfect. With any lens. At any aperture.

No matter what the challenge, the multi-autofocused OM-2 is in charge. Photos are flawless. Even when light changes dramatically while motor drive panning at five frames per second. Match it with the T22 flash unit and again you'll discover how perfect the body can be. Since the length of both is determined by the camera itself, the OM-2 actually cuts the light off at the precise moment that the right exposure is achieved. It's virtually mistake-

proof. The choice for tyro or pro. For long exposures, macrophotography and photojournalism.

See your pictures come to life

with the OLYMPUS OM-2. It's all that an electronic 35mm SLR should be. Body and soul.

OLYMPUS
OLYMPUS CORP. 100-1170 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario M4S 1J2



Constitution 1980

AN EXERCISE IN FAILURE

Eleven men who let a nation down



By Robert Lewis, Ian Anderson and Roy MacGregor

The television show most missed by English viewers who complained about the CBC's general-to-ground constitutional coverage was *The Act of God*. It failed to complete the series that didn't show. The highlight of last week's *Edge* episodes portrayed the wealthy Nadine Stoen preparing to leave for London—not to visit the Queen, but to change her will and settle a family inheritance. Over ten, Nadine has a dubious agreement with her daughter, Distractible, Nadine leaves, only to die in a flaming car crash.

The outcome of the constitutional show was only slightly less dismal as it went off the air last Saturday with no indication of a prompt run. "Canada will carry on," says Manitoba's Sterling Lyon, observed at the final, phone round table. But the voyage to a joyful renewal of the federation was botched, in a process dominated by closed minds

and big looks. The history of Canada was not so much revisited as re-interpreted during an extraordinary, two-times mid-drill, 27 hours of debate under hot lights. The problems in mind was that there were two texts, with certain divergent goals. In one,各省和自治区的人民 have their own priorities and identities to make the nation thrive. In the other, a central government with broader interstate standards and help the weak pull even with the handy *As Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau conceded, after blistering provincial attacks on his states: "There are, indeed, two constitutions of Canada—and that is why we failed."*

The real loss in the impasse is that significant constitutional reform has been set back for years—if not for good. An anti-government movement privately "We came here looking like the new fathers of Confederation. But now it's starting to look like we might end up

as the Fathers of Destruction."

Ahead lies the uncertain prospect of an armistice and unilateral move by Ottawa to portray the constitutional Court decisions and the French-language, slanted verdicts by the Quebec government (see story, page 25). Trudeau may seek to skirt all that grief by appealing over the heads of creed, wishful pretenses to "other" people in a national referendum. He probably could win the plebiscite, but his words on the night of the Quebec referendum could return to haunt the larger class. "There is no one among us who has not suffered some wound."

Beyond the fire offering that, "I like the idea of a referendum," Trudeau wouldn't say what he plans to do next. Patriation of the constitution by year's end is still my desire." But since only Ontario and New Brunswick support the idea, the symbolic act would be meaningless in the world of geopolitics.

Maclean's

Constitution 1980

Conference is over, and it's all Dougalled and Trudeau; the problem is the end was that there were too many.



Any changes in the distribution of power could be done, by 90-year-old custom, only with the consent of all 13 governments—and there was no agreement about the 12 items on the table that week.

"The strategy," said Trudeau, "is in our mind—it's not on paper." The remark was an evident attempt to downplay the negative impact of the bottom-line document of the conference, an Aug. 20, 1980, MINISTERIAL STATE ONLY summary submission to the cabinet meeting at Lake Louise. Although the document anticipated MacEachern, it anticipated a deadlock and laid out a scenario for unilateral action and an earlier recall of Parliament. The Quebec delegation's lack of the memo possessed the well-allied sentiment for an agreement. The easily analyzed suggestion for drafting provinces for a compact infuriated the premiers, since it vividly portrayed how they were to be subjugated. "The linking of progress on economic issues to progress on resources has forced the western provinces to have to choose between the status quo or recognition, which they know is good for the federal government, and agreeing to make a concession to the federal government as a resource owner." In private sessions with Trudeau, the premiers would pretend to thumb through the 94-page document and inquire mischievously, "What page are you on now, Pierre?"

Powers over the economy. Ottawa's strategy was to grant responsibilities on resource ownership only in return for proportional access to a Canadian "economic union" with federal power over interprovincial trade and resources. Trudeau wanted to outlaw discrimination against out-of-province businesses of

The dirty dozen stumbling blocks

The leaders' early, predictably close to confrontation chance on some issues. But in the long trudge warfare across the 12-point agenda, there were too many traps to avoid, too many interests to please. Here are the main that defeated them:

Resource ownership and interprovincial trade. For Alberta and Saskatchewan, one of the chief reasons for coming to the conference. Their ownership of resources is already secured in the BNA Act; their wanted broader guarantees. The conflict, plus provincial management rights against federal powers over intergovernmental and international trade in those resources, Ottawa offered provinces the right to impose indirect taxes on resources, and shared authority over interprovincial trade with federal parliamentary. The premiers' reply: not good enough.

Powers over the provinces. Ottawa's strategy was to grant responsibilities on resource ownership only in return for proportional access to a Canadian "economic union" with federal power over interprovincial trade and resources. Trudeau wanted to outlaw discrimination against out-of-province businesses of

The memo also revised the premiers' worst thoughts about Trudeau, which are plentiful. In fact, the disastrous personal chemistry of the II is at the root of their inability to agree on anything Trudeau is as unlike most of the premiers that endorsed it together simply intensifies their sense, as British Columbia's Bill Bennett put it, that "just since of the country and what it's all about, is far different than the one around the table."

Little wonder, since Trudeau, the oldest, is almost incapable of the Lyndon B. Johnson-style of backslapping so crucial to his bargaining. He sometimes

said, says, or makes of jobs. The premiers bought the principle of economic union but refused to enshrine it in a constitution, where it would be enforceable.

Confederates. Trudeau offered to take over control of phone companies and cable television but wouldn't give power over cross-border broadcasting. The premiers, looking to centralize as a tool to pressure local cultures, wanted more power over programming from am sources.

A new space house. A chamber representing prior royal consent bills has been heavily promoted by Premier Bill Bennett to help overcome B.C.'s "feelings of resentment" from the Ottawa power centre. But a 30-member council of the provinces, advanced by federal and provincial ministers this summer, flopped at the conference with Trudeau's objecting to the absence of federal appointment in the council.

Supreme Court. General agreement all round that because the highest court settles jurisdiction disputes between federal and provincial governments, the government should have a voice in appointments. One of the issues closest to solution last week. But there was no agreement on the number of judges to be appointed or how many to be chosen from the civil law courts of Quebec.

Family law. Trudeau offered powers over divorce to the provinces. Manitoba

appeared to forget premiers' names and availed no sense of humor about backroom political maneuvering. He gave up in exasperation, only to comment, "Na, Sante! Premier John Robichaud worked in the young heart of the St. John Steel plant. Trudeau undeniably grows impatient with some of the more complacent and directionless airs of the provincial leaders. They routinely use "I" and "we" instead of talkback rights and accountability of the goals of their provinces. They paint such a dark portrait of Ottawa it sounds like the federal government has never done anything right.

While their public debates offered moments of eloquence and wisdom, few important shifts in position were made during the first three days. With no hard agreement on any issue, the first ministers adjourned the conference after Thursday evening, intent on deal-making in the privacy of St. Sulpice Dives. "Let's get set of here," an impatient Trudeau murmured into his microphone. There did, and the premiers hammered out their "Ottawa consensus" over breakfast next morning in Lyon's Château Laurier Suite A and angry Bill Davis, of Ontario, viewed the new positive outcome with some chagrin:



Trudeau after failure: a different voice

cautious. "There was consensus—*with everybody having their reservations.*"

The premiers' package attempted to pry economic concessions from Trudeau before offering agreement on Trudeau's "people package." As Quebec's René Lévesque knew, the fact that the premiers' package made no mention of linguistic rights was strong enough to dole it. Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney and New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, who offered nominal support to the "consensus," had hoped linguistic rights would be enshrined in the constitution.

by the provinces. Ontario, New Brunswick and Manitoba could take the lead, and be followed by Quebec—if Liberal leader Claude Ryan informed Lévesque.

Predictably, Trudeau rejected the modified proposal Friday morning when he heard the premiers' proposal. Rounding down the fat, he accepted a "no deal"—to each of them. An open spirit of compromise had without doubt solidified together were Bennett, Newfoundland's Brian Peckford, Alberta's Peter Lougheed, Lyon and Lévesque. Trudeau's attempt to prove that his Liberal party has historical roots in the West, using statistics from the time of Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent, was met with derision. "We said 'you are trying to tell four western premiers that you understand the West,'" recalled Lyon.

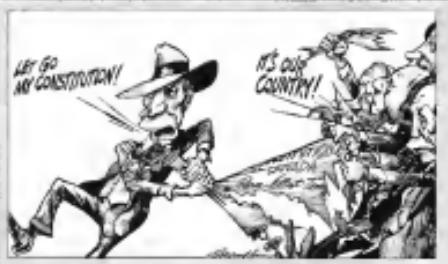
From the meeting further, Lougheed sought assurances from Trudeau that the federal government would not impose an export tax on Alberta natural gas. Trudeau would give no such assurance, even though it was clear Lougheed might offer more concessions in return. With Alberta's oil supply declining, Lougheed had come to Ottawa intent on playing only one major card—the gas tax. "It's been a stand over our heads for seven years now," he declared, "but

Indigenous itself, the shelter to one of Trudeau's two minimum conditions for a new constitution. In the burgeoning Canadian sympathy for protecting indigenous democratic rights (charter, treaty rights of every First Nation), the premiers' language on native rights did not support the "as passed" formulation of the United States' constitution. Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney, and others, argued native rights are better left to legislatures than to the Supreme Court. But Trudeau, rational units require that Quebecers feel secure that their language is protected across the country.

Federalism and amending formula. With provincial consent or not, Trudeau wants the constitution home by Christmas. Most Lévesque premiers called action to stop unilateral patriation. The premiers' amending formula would have permitted constitutional change with the approval of Parliament and seven provinces with at least half the national population. Trudeau said no because four Atlantic provinces, with just 30 per cent of the population, could block amendment.

Premiers. Meant to be inspirational and rousing, this sparked one of the most divisive debates. To Trudeau, Canada is a union of people, to Lévesque, a union of provinces with the right to leave. There was no agreement on either.

John Hay



and Prince Edward Island said "No thanks." Manitoba's Sterling Lyon apparently goes toward creating diverse bases (or shelter from maintenance or custody orders). Premiers already have jurisdiction over marriage.

Federates. Provincial demands to share federal control over ocean fish stocks were weakened by Nova Scotia's argument that control should stay with Ottawa. The provinces took the federal offer of inland fisheries and of "solitary species" like sturgeon and salmon. But there was no deal.

Offshore resources. Newfoundland's Brian Peckford, backed with varying

enthusiasm by all premiers, came to terms for provincial ownership of under-sea resources. With rigs exploring the Grand Banks, Peckford wants legal equality with Alberta. Trudeau said only the Supreme Court can judge who owns the oil off Newfoundland, and offered what he said would be full revenue equivalence to Alberta's.

EQUITABILITY. Everyone favored constitutional entrenchment of the present principle of moving tax revenues, via the federal treasury, from "sovereign" provinces to the have-nots. But no deal as agreed.

Charter of rights. With the saving of

Constitution 1980

spite entreaties from fellow governors, Longfellow chose to show the constitutionalists were threatening him with the weight of the law's resource-rich provinces in the proceedings brought by the West. Trudeau thus fell—for him a mere repartee battle.

The week's largest potential loser was the one with the least to gain—Pekford. His only major demand, control of off-shore resources, was one Trudeau rejected utterly. His fellow governors, Davis and Blakeway, emerged miffed unapologetically to his support, though some, such as Blakeway, did so more out of political expediency than ideological sympathy. "You couldn't leave Trudeau out," said an Alberta delegate. "I'll stand for all [the provinces]."



said Breton, "I will stand for one of them." Because of that failure of Pekford's stand, control of off-shore resources became the single issue left behind to deal with, said many officials.

Trudeau's only ally in the West left Ottawa unhappy and frustrated. Blakeway felt he had not been given enough weapons to win the war, though his vision of Ottawa's role lay close to Trudeau's. Trudeau showed scant appreciation for Blakeway's role as the honest broker. Blakeway tried and failed in a last-ditch effort to bring Pekford into Trudeau's camp by proposing changes in the North-Western Bear's bill that would give the Alberta delegation a say in decisions in regard to measures on off-shore resources. The deal failed in the grand atmosphere of the 60-minute meeting Friday night at Trudeau's estate. Without any agreement from Trudeau, the premiers then adjourned to Ryan's suite in a last-ditch effort to reach a compromise on an amending formula. "They were trying to salvage something of importance, if not substance," an official explained. They could not get any agreement.

As far as the premiers were con-

cerned, the work began as it should have—handsbells all around. But already there were signs. "Hello, Brian," Trudeau said as he greeted the Newfoundland premier at the Sunday night dinner. "I thought I'd need a work permit to shake your hand." Three days later, following an assessment of continuing tangles with the prime minister, Pekford sat over pea soup and a medium-rare steak in the Chateau Laurier's Canadian Grill, shook his hand and conceded that he, and perhaps some other premiers, had been "a bit naive in thinking they could come to Ottawa expecting everyone to hang in there."

But that was but one of several premonitions notions which changed last week in Ottawa. The premiers arrived in stereotypic Stetson Kyle, the sun and magnification of a Bell stamp, Bill Bennett, the cowboy, Peter Lougheed, the billy, Bill Davis, the teacher's pet, Stan Levesque, the homesweat-home. But few of these ideas held up. Lougheed was soon the muted voice of western rancor, the welcome calm before the looming energy storm. Loup poised Blakeway as the most articulate

arguer for provincial rights. Seven or eight, this constitutional session had been marked by the twisted and difficult to follow. When Longfellow made reference to *The Star* during a Tuesday break, it was an understandable misapprehension. There were deals in the air, no threat had to be the witness, however, were suffering identity crises. Saskatchewan had come to Ottawa hoping to work out some sort



Original Fathers of Confederation Jim Flora, and above: Blakeway, Ontario; and Hugh Denman, Newfoundland, say T.V. and World

in international trade. British Columbia wanted a new upper house. Most B.C.'s was anxious that fisheries remain as federal bands. Steel, oil and industry would be safer with Ottawa than it would if Newfoundland gained its desired "shared jurisdiction." There would be trade-offs and bargains. This week it was not a major week. Next week on Monday. Now was it to be hopeless? Blakeway optimistically predicted as many as six of the 12 agenda items would be settled.

Then, however, they discovered the document was not in the script, contained in the now-infamous federal strategy document. There would be agreement, but if there was not agreement, the federal officials would manipulate the conference. "In short that disagreement leading to unilateral federal action is the result of an inherently cumbersome process of the interactions of the provincial governments, and not the fault of the federal government." In the shiny, slippery Black-and-white photographs, the deals were laid out, isolate Alberta's resource ownership by striking a compromise with Saskatchewan on international trade; demonstrate the

Purgatory and 'the Pope'

His former racing the wags: Trudeau was around a nose of something mainland cringe. Premier René Lévesque's prolonged exhibitionism, Gérard Comeau's playful looks from constitutional panels, the Thursday 20-day hauls the capital's Ritz-Carlton and confide the Quebec delegation's true objective. "Time—we need time." By Saturday, the Parti Québécois government had gained what time in the shape of an excellent excuse to avoid facing an anticipated provincial election this fall and an almost inevitable fall from power. Instead, Lévesque can call Quebec to arms, mount a legal barricade which any unilateral ultimatum

Trudeau and Lévesque (left) and Hugh Denman and Blakeway reading the historical modelling over the years

and the English-Canadian premiers last week that Ryan said they would have to start from scratch once he is elected. The embarrassing federal strategy document, leaked in mid-conference, describes Ryan's vision of a radically decentralized nation to be amenable to Ottawa and, during the same fed-prov do-over negotiating session, federal Finance Minister Jean Charest and his team of economists and economists on "negotiation," the federal alliance of federal and provincial Liberals during the referendum campaign.

Now, there may be more parity than there for federal premiers made easier by the federalists' acceptance of the need to recognize Canada's cultural duality and there was peace from unexpected quarters for Lévesque's swallowing of his referendum defeat. Said Marquette's Stéphane Lévesque: "The premier of Quebec has spoken openly and honestly and with a realistic effort to accommodate the other parts of Canada—and he's spoken in good faith." Just as seriously, Lévesque was critical for not being tough enough on Quebec's behalf by none other than former Liberal premier Robert Bourassa. "Quebec didn't get away with the extremely militant colonial warlords. We have to write in the differences now because in a few years Quebec won't be as strong, our population is dropping. Let's see what we've learned Quebec."

Through it all, English Canada's leaders sit helplessly watching as it becomes clear that their good intentions can do little to prevent Trudeau and Quebec's provincial politicians

David Thomas,

with files from Anne Belanger



spill out in only clear terms," seemed to acknowledge the betrayed belief of Quebecers that he had at last moved closer to the prevailing feeling that Quebec alone can sustain a strong French society. Though battered by a decade of failure and backslid, Trudeau again hinted at his dream of pan-Canadian bilingualism as the country's only salvation.

"We have one province which is essentially French-speaking and the rest of the country which is essentially English-speaking. We have had that for a long, long while. The question is 'Do we want to keep it like that and continue to reinforce the model of Canada?' If yes, there's no doubt in my mind that I don't think many of our friends that we will end up with two Canadas.'

Initially, the English-speaking premiers did show remarkable acceptance of the need to recognize Canada's cultural duality and there was peace from unexpected quarters for Lévesque's swallowing of his referendum defeat. Said Marquette's Stéphane Lévesque: "The premier of Quebec has spoken openly and honestly and with a realistic effort to accommodate the other parts of Canada—and he's spoken in good faith." Just as seriously, Lévesque was critical for not being tough enough on Quebec's behalf by none other than former Liberal premier Robert Bourassa. "Quebec didn't get away with the extremely militant colonial warlords. We have to write in the differences now because in a few years Quebec won't be as strong, our population is dropping. Let's see what we've learned Quebec."

Through it all, English Canada's leaders sit helplessly watching as it becomes clear that their good intentions can do little to prevent Trudeau and Quebec's provincial politicians

Constitution 1980

"apparent generosity" of the federal government regarding ownership of off-shore resources by dragging a dead is anything within the 10-mile limit—"This proposal would be of very special interest to British Columbia." And on and on and on.

Bachman sighted on Tuesday and wondered if the conference won't already "a preordained exercise in futility," and yet—even with the provinces in on the game plan—it will work to some extent. Wednesday saw the pre-

ers launch their best attack of the year, on Trudeau's shrewdly held "non-negotiable" cluster of human rights, knowing that nothing would serve the cause better than this motherhood issue going to Parliament, as easy to the people as they smelted it anyway, though it entirely without immediate regret to one of us, including myself." Baker had said on Saturday's show, "may have less credibility than the circumstances required."

(One of the week's most courageous re-

A nice round of applause for ...

There were three last week when the debate of defects from Canada's first ministry threatened to drown out the bulldog earnestness about our constitution, and our future, as a nation of largely peace. For thousands who waited in the schools, teachers, coaches, others passed out after a few sounding hours. But there were moments that transcended them. And if the talk then was occasionally of overfishing, perhaps at least learned a thing or two about the men that run the country.

To begin with, William Davis, God's personal answer, does have a sense of humor. Usually impeccably dressed, Davis cracked up the meeting half Thursday when he suggested that if the pretenders met Shirley they'd have to set aside an hour for church. "I said and I mean my mother is watching," he said.

Then Steadman, said the incident last week was "a bit of a shock." At the time Davis was caught up in his constituency—trying not to offend non-Bangladeshi constituents in his province and at the same time trying not to appear anti-Canadian.

New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield—dismissed as a "fake" by some of his political colleagues and regarded by the press a great source of leaks—also kept an eye on a looming provincial election to be played to the cameras all week. But as he faced charges and a whether-or-not majority at home, Hatfield tried, in Ottawa, to keep statements

and now, in Ottawa, he is something like. And while he degenerated into windiness by week's end, he also rose to eloquence earlier with appeals on behalf of French-Canadian farming association—appeals bound to win him friends among New Brunswick's large Acadian association.

Meanwhile, Newfoundland's Brian Beckford ended up reading Peter Lougheed's script. While the Alberta premier remained unexpectedly mellow



Quebecois Premier Jean Charest has
Ottawa issue from cabinet secretary
about \$600, "says 1600, Bill..."

Now Scotia/Pearl's John Buchanan hears the Ottawa lists from cabinet secretary Michael Kirby: "None I care, but..."

"I am not a communist," he said, "but I would like the communists to win." He should be more of a "republican."

By contrast, the usually ebullient Lévesque kept his reply brief, his vocabulary and short temper in check and was plodding from other pressmen and TV viewers. "He is being very careful and very nervous," said Bell telephone spokesman Michel Laprige.

But perhaps the most interesting performance came from Stéphane Loya, the red-headed premier of Manitoba, who had been invited as a guest by a co-ordinator of the conference. Loya was reticent with well-rehearsed and temperate speeches concerning the referendum, neither

"I think it's important," says St. John, "to understand what he believes are Trudeau's policies and designs." Needless to say the star of the show was Pierre Trudeau, who also wrote the script. It is little wonder he used the part for himself. Said 26-year-old newcomer information officer Melinda Grollman of Trudeau: "He's the Melinda Grollman of politics."

With them from Carol Branson, John Key, Ian Mather, Susan Elley, and David Thomas

In Memoriam

Saskatchewan

A little too little help from the federal friends

When University of Manitoba linguist Doreen Kraft goes to a meeting, she always carries a small book of notes.

posted last week that the 1986 drought could cost the Canadian prairie grain farmers \$1 billion to export Canadian Barley farmer Hengel S. St. raning a herd of Hereford and Simmental at 4,000 acres near New Princeton, Sask. (see chart). Figure his personal acreage at \$30,000/acre. Last year he grew a 300-acre crop plus enough hay to have feedstock on the back of his tractor. This year he will grow 1,000 acres of barley and will need to buy 300 additional acres.

The \$2 billion in bonds will be used to finance the state's drought-relief program, which he labels "a joke." He says the best he can hope for is federal drought assistance—despite Ottawa's promise of a \$60-million bond repayment program—is about

Journal of Health Politics, Policy and Law, Vol. 34, No. 4, December 2009
DOI 10.1215/03616878-34-4 © 2009 by The University of Chicago

"What it really amounts to," he says too disarmingly, "is

appears few entries will qualify for Hensel (whose wife is looking for an off-farm job to help subsidize the operation) into the one thing that keeps him from going out of the here-and-now business is that his land is good for nothing else.

卷之三

4 Nova Scotia

**Guess who's still
coming to dinner**

Eight hours after leaving their home in East Berlin, N.Y., Ethel and Michael Tewksbury sat down to a sumptuous Nova Scotia dinner in the recently replete at Gaspereau Inn (page 18). Like from Wolfville is the Annapolis Valley. In the white-framed former schoolhouse overlooking apple orchards and granite outcrops, and 45 American tourists, ate cranberry-baked chicken, chafed with leeks and sang Atlantic ditties in a get-together New-England evening that Michael, 31, thought might have been his last. "The next day," he says, "we were off with local restaurants, buying food, eating at fast-food chains in McDonald's and KFC."

Three years ago the diners, which held twice a week all summer, were little more than an idea in the mind of Bill Chalou, owner of Evangelia Greekhouse in St. Paul's "New Nicollet" area. Chalou, 32, is a man who wants to do two things better: feed and a chance to talk with people in a convivial atmosphere. In the Naming of Gerasimus Village Inn, Chalou and his wife, Nancy, 32, invested \$30,000 into renovating the community center, hired 16 local teen-agers to set tables (Nancy does all the cooking) and began peddling their "Poor East Side-cooked country meal" to American tour companies. The package includes after-dinner entertainment (the show also plays the Anchorage and leads ringtoss) and local people who sit at each table to answer questions. The idea is a hit and Chalou expects to serve some 3,000 meals at \$12 per dinner by



¹See also Heywood, 'The 1995 election: a review for the centre in the belief'.



the end of the tourist season in October. In fact, he's already booked solid for next season.

But Donald Wallace, owner of Wolfville's Old Orchard Inn, which caters to many bus tours of the eastern Maritimes, has watched in frustration as groups come through Charlottetown, then go on to Summerside. "We'd like to have them stay here," he says. "We've seen the prime mover behind a petition to restrict the size of community centres and fire halls by commercial operators. Almost 30 restaurants and fast-food outlets have jumped onto the bandwagon, urging Kings County Council to amend its zoning bylaws in a way that would shut down Charlottetown's operation.

No one disputes that the idea is a clever one. Robert Moore, owner of a nearby McDonald's franchise, estimates that tourists would rather have a home-cooked Nova Scotia meal than a Big Mac. (Visitors can be approached local restaurants to log on the meals, but some would.) Even Wallace admits that tourists like to meet local people. But, he says, "what is good for the tourist isn't necessarily good for tourism."

See Charlottetown



David Chilling and wife, Nancy, and their 10-month-old daughter, Elizabeth, enjoy a meal at the newly-opened Elizabeth's Place restaurant.

Manitoba

The dark side of Winnie-the-Pooh

For the 1,300 residents of the northern Manitoba port of Churchill the months of September and October aren't exactly a teddy bear's picnic. The town prides itself on the title "Polar Bear Capital of the World," but in the fall the fury Churchill Conservatives can be a nuisance as they shuffle along the coastline, going north to Hudson Bay to hunt seals. A few also amble into town, sniffing for food, and at night the RCMP set off Thunder Blasters to scare them away. Unlike the grizzlies at Baile, Alta., the Churchill bears haven't shown any better ingenuity in recent memory, but they do occasionally take a bite from workers' paycheques when "bear alert" broadcasts on the local radio keep people indoors. Now the

union local of the Manitoba Government Employees' Association, representing 60 mainly female hospital workers, has won a new two-year contract with a snappy and toothsome "polar bear clause." In future, any employee prevented from going to work by wandering bears—or kept at work for the same reason—will be transportation provided by the employer.

Union President Gary Eusey admits it was hard, at first, to convince the Winnipeg-based supervisor for the employer that the clause was necessary for the workers in Churchill, but he says "It's needed. Just a couple of days after signing the contract the user had to escort a mother bear and cub from the backyard of one user worker. Three years ago one bear tried to climb in a kitchen window, and they've also been seen hanging round apartment blocks." Don Oster, president of the Churchill local, says some of his members often take a detour to work, to avoid bumping into the bears in the costume sets. "They can be a bit scary and they aren't afraid. We feel better knowing we'll be able to get away to work."

The bear clause, which provides for overtime pay rates, also contains a "whining clause" enabling workers stranded by snowstorms to make up time later. Says Ousey: "Snowstorms up there can be very severe, with visibility down to two feet. If people try to get to work on time it can be dangerous. They might just walk into Madam Bay." Or into a polar bear.

Peter Carlyle Gorden

Mark and Shirley D'Amato of the University of Guelph conjectured that as early as 1978 they might see a bear in the area due to habitat destruction caused by timber harvest. Citing a U.S. study, they predicted that the bear may move into the region "sooner or later" to "occupy the isolated areas around our forested areas and forests should only be harvested at a sustainable rate." Peter, president of the Ontario Trappers Association, says, "There are areas converging in the eastern woodlands between trout streams as cheap fly rods with three simple guys and bears respond by biting anything they catch."

Churchill polar bears: a locust-like clause



Variations on a theme of discord

"I don't know why they did it," said Tony D'Amato last Wednesday when told two hours before a news conference that he was being "reduced" by his past role as general manager of the Windsor Symphony Orchestra, which he had held since April 1979. Symphony Music Director and maestro Paul Gamba, the Italian-born conductor who brought with him for the post the former principal piano, would add nothing to the official statement that he was "retiring" in October. However, Anne L. Manager Owen Esmeralda, the recommended D'Amato's replacement and was also "reduced"—or fired—but with no notice and no explanation, was less tongue-tied when she spoke to MacLean's last week. "Frankly, I'm disgusted. The fringe were so unkind-handed!" D'Amato and D'Amato were given 20 hours to get out, in sharp contrast to the graceful exit promised Gamba, who will give two farewell concerts Oct. 27 and 28 and depart with a purse expected to contain well over \$60,000 in compensation for the termination of his contract, which had a year to run.

The orchestra's purgatory has been sealed for the past three years, strewn with the bodies of a series of general managers, assistants and board presidents. Flaming is a sea of red ink expected to rise to \$600,000 by next May.

The who's-who trouble first exploded after the 61-member orchestra returned from a triumphant Carnegie Hall debut in March, 1978, to find they were teetering on bankruptcy. Rescue efforts failed and two months ago the 31-member board of directors resigned, making way for a new government-appointed trustees. At the centre of all the brouhaha, but always lurking, was Gamba, countertenor and conductor in command of affairs. Earlier this year, D'Amato learned that Gamba had got his furl and reluctantly by asking the board that Gamba's contract as music director not be renewed. Says Lorne Watson, a former board member and also director of Brandon University's a cappella school: "It's an unfortunate business but there was a personality conflict." D'Amato began to show his teeth last year and Peery was on the defensive. The trustees' decision is probably the best for the orchestra as a whole."

Says the 49-year-old D'Amato: "The money as we'd known it is going the slide. The deficit for this year will likely be around \$75,000, and \$60,000 of that is bank interest. The manner of our departure



Conductor Gamba and ex-general manager D'Amato (far left) and a fat purse



symphony, and suggested that provincial, federal and city governments, along with private donors, pick up the \$800,000 deficit. Fund-raising will begin Sept. 25 with a radio auction featuring such collectors' items as a bust of Windsor Churchill donated by his daughter Sarah, who will appear at a gala symphony concert this week to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Battle of Britain, featuring a selection of "Songs That Keep Us Going." The who will used them. **Peter Carlyle Gorden**

which has conflicting national, ethnic or patriotic values," he declared. "It challenges the already narrow concept of 'us' with the old 'us' in the new."

No group of festively mounted Canadian flags could have been more confounded by Fulton's pledge than the people of Charlottetown, who have long lived to show off the elegantly columned building that stands like a golden moment in corporate consciousness from June 8 when the president of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, R. Donald Fulton, told a group of urban developers in Toronto that he felt pride of place should be granted to protecting the past. The concept of renewing, refurbishing and reviving that

And now, a song by Anne Murray!

Gwen, 60, became popular for the "Gwenie" she sang when downtown profs cut out for the singing. It was a relatively golden moment in corporate consciousness from June 8 when the president of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, R. Donald Fulton, told a group of urban developers in Toronto that he felt pride of place should be granted to protecting the past. The concept of renewing, refurbishing and reviving that

CMHC bank, circa 1910, out with the old



buses do change. When the old capital in Charlottetown city council to save the 70-year-old bank and replace it with a brick-and-glass affair, Fulton used a decorated panel Aug. 15 to make his case. Eric J. Green, developer, had convened 2,600 delegates and presented them to a packed hall. "It's not to say the shopping plaza isn't basic," says Green. Eddie Rice, and what about Fulton's old-wear promise? says Vice-President Gordon Dryden, and especially, "our hope that when the new building has been completed we'll feel that it is an asset to Charlottetown." This spring the politicians will be off to an emergency meeting for nothing like the designer, "The designer's still there."

John Banney

*Banney is trying to follow the lead of the Zacks of Nova Scotia, who have organized a campaign to encourage people to contribute to a massive Day of Giving building the 1985-1986 of schools, over which came the last newspaper.

The Night of the Generals

The volatility of the Middle East seems hardly diminished last week. First, some of the area's most violent Arab states, Libya and Syria, announced that they were to withdraw, there, a mere 36 hours later. Turkey's generals seized power, as they put it, to fight against "treason, terrorism, disunity and communism." Janjawi and Janjawid rebels attacked. The United States sent a naval task force to the Persian Gulf. And Syria sent its spy Middle East analyst Ghada Wright here, who also contributed to the Turkish coverage produced by Marco McDonald (see *Issue* 10), Andrew Borowitz. Based in the Turkish town of Cappadocia and David Fouquet (no 10 Brussels).

It was a long September afternoon as the ferry boat Yazar plied the Bosporus, its cargo of tourists gawking at *leopard lobsters*, reclining in bathing suits on the deck, sipping tea beside luxury yachts in the fading autumn sun. The headlines that had announced of Turkey's slow slide into chaos seemed months away. Despite the political and military crisis that would engulf the country, the official guidebook declared: "Twice in the past the army has had its interview, but I doubt very much that it will happen again. Democracy is too firmly implanted here."

It was with a certain apprehension that the same nightshirts awoke next morning under a winter sky so red, instead of the sun having to take them to marvel at the Sprawling dome of the church of Santa Sophie, a sprawl of around cars and jazz beats beneath their bold windows in Taksim Square. At 3 am, local time Friday, the national radio had announced to the few who had been woken to listen that the army chief-de-staff, General Kemal Byres, 62, had taken power, forming a National Security Council (NSC) with five other generals, closing airports, cutting off phones and Taksim Square, abolishing the two hours of parliament, dissolving leftist unions of the extreme right and left and detaining three of the leaders of Turkey's major political parties, including Premier Suleyman Demirel and his opposition predecessor, Bozent Scotti, reported held in a recent military base near Galipoli, "for their own security."

As dawn broke, the normal chaos of littered ground to a ghostly, curfewed calm: the streets deserted except for tandoi and machine-gun-toting soldiers barking at each intersection and in the



General Ethan Allen's military colleagues (right), and Sherman's broad talents, proved far more valuable.



changes of the five terms in the paths



LIMA-000777 LIMA-000778
SANTO DOMINGO 16.05.1978 JUNTO AL TERRITORIO 16.1978
LIMA-000777 SANTO DOMINGO

by Acting President Thos. Saben Caglayang, Byran reportedly berated the two politicians for "putting party politics above the interests of the nation," and presented an ultimatum: "Co-operate or face military take over."

The decision to act, postponed until the Polish crowd had saluted the general, felt it would be impudent to move while there was a chance of Soviet intervention (there), was precipitated by several events. Among these was the seizure on a Marxist "Dev-Bok" (revolutionary left) transport of a list of military and political figures slated for assassination (the list included De Gaulle and Dezena), a claim by the Central government that Soviet agents had infiltrated the country.

increased their infiltration of Abkhazia, coupled with reports of the landing of weapons on the poorly patrolled Black Sea coast, and, most important of all, a series of Islamic rallies during which supporters of the National Salvation Party (NSR) of Nezamaddin Erbilashvili, at week's end in semi-exile



in Arkansas stated for generalization.

the Argentinian island of Ushuaia, chosen for a "truly Islamic state" (The local military are deeply committed to the principle of secularism).

At the time the army moved, the story of the coup had already taken place in Washington. At 7 a.m. last Tuesday, the Turkish air force commander, General Tuymaz Subrikoglu, was taking scrambled eggs at the Pentagon with General David Jones, the chairman of the U.S. joint chiefs of staff. The two talked about the Turkish air force, MACV plans for Greece and possible Soviet assistance. At 8.30 a.m. Subrikoglu



www.elsevier.com/locate/jmp

[View all posts by **John**](#)

national standards of Damascus
in some ways it is easier to decide what
is at stake. Political moves of
this sort are not uncommon in the Arab
world—Liays has had with Egypt and Tu-

In Syria and Egypt and Iraq—but that is not the case. Libya has indeed such a role, even with a strike that is not able to eliminate directly both Sama and Libya's enemies—such as with Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco.

President Liberate Organization of the French Resistance Franklin's tactical alignment of hardline anti-Israeli forces within the Arab League. But there is still little to link the stated allies together. There is no political consensus, and although Libya provides financial aid to Syria it is partly compensated by Arab and Iraqi contributions.

Lyon needs military allies if it is to prevail—
such as in a potential border fight with
Iran—then Algeria would be more useful
than Syria. If the plan is to continue the Arab
conflictualism with Israel, it is difficult to see
why Lyon could offer Syria what the letter
he already received from the Soviet
Union.

to cut—traps of flower into Syrian refineries. Syria can control the Euphrates which encompasses a third and cereal crops—and Assad's critics suggest he is engaged in it.

more deep-seated instabilities. The arsonists stay at a cover for Assad and a secret negotiations with Egypt, Jordan and Israel for a Middle Eastern truce, according to a senior official who was present on the same plane as Mr. Bush. The official said, and then going about President Hosni Mubarak's role in the Middle East has been painful for years. There is evidently little Syria may be considering an agreement...to which the Arab administration

and Seppi Unan have argued their support—*to convert a new Middle Eastern conference once the Saad coalition is replaced by Shimon Peres and the Israeli Labor Party. Peres is apparently willing to resolve the Ocean Mienhak to Syria and hand the West Bank over to Jordan in return with the kibz.*



Military checkpoint in Istanbul, and
soldier on guard, virtually impossible for
Turks to move without NATO's knowledge

the joint U.S.-Turkish defense pact, happened without NATO and American commanders knowing about it.

And so, when Salihoglu called on June 26 to tell the Americans what to do, his purpose was thus not so much what by themselves, but rather to find out whether Jones would tolerate any objections to the move. When Jones said nothing—Salihoglu had met the day before with General Lew Allen, chief of the USAF Ferry staff, who was equally silent—Salihoglu was able to carry back the message to his fellow junta members

that the U.S. was flashing the green light.

There was thus little surprise, either a degree of official relief, to go along with the poses taken for protection of democracy when the minister at Pappi Bozoglu's insistence of the Portuguese and all NATO headquarters in Brussels informed the rest from Ankara:

In fact, the most striking thing about last week's episode—Turkey's third coup in 20 years—was the militancy and ease with which it was executed. As one local seismologist put it in Istanbul: "It's not much of a shake. We already

had martial law. They just took it a little further." Indeed, the Night of the Generals came as no surprise after nearly a year of political tremors since limited martial law was declared 22 months ago, with an average of a dozen political assassinations a week and three governments in 36 months.

And at week's end—although arrests of suspected terrorists continued and three newspapers including Akit, which had openly laid its exposing right-wing extremism, were closed—it seemed to be returning to normal. Some of the arrested publications were reported being set at liberty, airports, ports and frontier posts were reopened and curfew restrictions eased.

Most important for the potentials in view of Turkey's \$17 billion debt (仍是 the world's biggest bankrupt), Carter was quick to let it be known that the coup would not affect the \$62 billion in economic aid (plus \$20 million in military credit) already pledged by the U.S. But as the Turkish military has demonstrated before, retribution is a cover for what Turkey's command of 15 million people is capable and inclined to. In the 20 provinces where military rule has been enforced already this year, there has been no check to the deterioration of political conflict into civil war. More than 2,000 people have been killed since January. Repression

cannot make the trains run on time and it is unlikely to pay off the country's debts. It will certainly do nothing to alleviate the poverty, unemployment, inflation and corruption that are the root causes of Turkish frustration. ◇

Great Britain

Keeping an Eye on scandal

The party was over. The candles had melted into ashes and the apartment of British surgeon Richard Armit and his wife, Penny, was filled with the stench of stale cigarette smoke and alcohol. It was around 4:30 a.m. on May 20, 1973, in Bedford when Penny Armit says she made her way across the shuddering bodies of guests and onto the balcony of the six-story apartment with the stars. There she looked down and saw horrifying spectacles. On the ground, in the mud, John Smith, a 24-year-old British music Newby, impaled on a railing, was Hobo's bog-standard. Dutch sea captain Jacques Orien Both were clad only in underpants around the knees. They had been guests at the Armits' all-night party and, from appearances last week, speculation reached a high point as



Private Eye's cover public dialogue

off the balcony while making love. But the affair did not end there. As more details were unearthed in the following months, a scandal emerged involving wife-swapping, drunkenness and, possibly, gang-rape and murder among British expatriates. Last week, speculation reached a high point as

The best locations are all in Hilton's Canada.

Hilton International Québec

The grace of the old. The vigor of the new. The best of both worlds.

Montréal's Queen Elizabeth

Right on top of everything that makes the city great.



Toronto Harbour Castle Hilton
A breath of fresh air in downtown
Toronto.

Hotel Vancouver

You'd think they named a city after it.

Have a good night
with Hilton.

World Class Hotels operated by

Hilton International 

Hilton Vancouver and The Queen Elizabeth are City hotels operated by Hilton Canada. For reservations call your Travel Agent, any Hilton City hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

Toronto Airport Hilton International
Montréal Aéroport Hilton
International (Dorval)

So friendly, so comfortable, and so close. Only minutes from Canada's busiest airport terminals.

two British diplomats involved in the affair were recalled to London for questioning.

At first, the case had seemed straightforward. The Arsons were arrested by Saudi police and sued for questioning. Penny Arson, 22, confessed to having been in bed with a New Zealander at the time. Later she recanted, claiming that she had invented the story to prove she could have known nothing about the deaths.

Richard Arson was sentenced to 30 lashes for supplying alcohol and was given an prison for allowing his wife to convert with other men. Peing and the New Zealander were sentenced to 30 lashes each. But the prospect of Britain being publicly flogged alarmed the foreign office in London and, last month, after heavy diplomatic pressure, the Arsons were freed and deported.

There the case might have closed had it not been for the searching of Helen's father, Ben Smith, a door-to-door man who went to Jeddah to bring back his daughter's body. His suspicions were aroused by multiple bruises on Helen's face, and by the refusal of the Saudi pathologists to show him the autopsy report. Then the British community clamored to convince him that a cover-up was in progress. He returned to Britain certain that his daughter had been murdered.

Smith was not the only one investigating the case. Britain's muckraking satirical fortnightly, *Private Eye*, published a series of highly detailed allegations about the affair. Helen, who babysat for the Arsons, had been Arson's mistress, the *Eye* alleged. The arrangement apparently had the approval of Penny, whose brother claimed he had been lied to about his wife's fidelity with her lover. Helen's diary apparently revealed details of her love affair with Arson. What's more, the *Eye* alleged, the British diplomat called to the scene on the morning of May 30, Vice-Counsel Gordon Kirby, now recalled, had been seen looking in an embrasure with Penny Arson at another party. The magazine also charged that the investigations were hampered by Britain's intelligence chief in Saudi Arabia, Colonel Murray de Klerk, whom it had been seen from since Arson. The *Eye's* conclusion: Helen had been raped and beaten up by a group of Germans, as at the party and her body had been thrown over the parapet. Other bad news: Arson had been killed because he was a witness.

The foreign office took the unusual step of formally denying that Kirby had known the Arsons or that there had been a cover-up. But the British press was not convinced. As one daily put it last week: "The foreign office, from Lord Carrington downwards, has a lot to explain."

Ian Mather

Poland

Moscow lends a helping hand

For a Russian bear remained to throwing its weight around, the most cracked of semi-commissioned Soviet chief Lech Walesa last week abandoned his cause against Poland's fledgling worker revolution in favor of investors which include the prince of emergency food shipments and a \$30 million hard-currency loan which would prevent Warsaw to purchase goods from the West that the stricken Soviet economy was unable to supply.

In doing so, Walesa appeared to acknowledge—*à la* Poland's military leaders—had done better than him—the strikers who had held the system in ransom, to win the Communist world's first independent trade union, had had just mass. But the offer of Soviet aid, announced after a three-day visit in the



Kania (left); Jasiecki (above left) with Jasiecki (right) meeting here for Moscow

Kenia by a Polish economic team headed by Deputy Finance Minister Józef Jasiecki, was not meant solely to soothe the Polish September. It was also aimed at reducing the country's financial dependence on the West and at winning the race for Moscow, and Poland's new boss, Stanislaw Kania, to get a grip on events.

In an attempt to do just that, Kania made lightning visits last week to Gdańsk and Katowice, the industrial capitals most shaken by the crisis. As well, a television address to the nation on Thursday was rated by most Poles as straightforward and impressive. But as he spoke, a frank irony seemed ready to pierce the vulnerable sides of Poland's

revolutionary system. University teachers and students learned to plan a disrupt education at the start of the academic year in early October in order to obtain such a board of prizes as encouraged schoolbooks and the right to form non-Communist student associations. "For once the wind is with us," a leading science professor told *Mather's*.

While that threat will hardly cause a steel-cerved former security chief like Kania to lose much sleep—the authorities could counter by postponing the opening of the schools. There is a danger that students, aware will surface when ordinary Poles are beginning to grow angry over what are expected to be inevitable government delays in handing the bread-and-butter pledges Warsaw made to near the industrial workers back to the job. Such a coincidence of grievances of the mind and body could spell big trouble.

That Kania's battle will be uphill all the way was evident last week as thousands of workers continued to clamor for membership in Poland's new free trade union. At the Moniuszki Hotel in



Kania (left); Jasiecki (above left) with Jasiecki (right) meeting here for Moscow

Gdańsk, where he set up shop, organizer Lech Wałęsa claimed that 90 per cent of the local oilfield industrial workers on the Baltic coast had signed up. Dissident sources said that half the workers in Warsaw—which was hardly touched by the strikes—wanted to quit the old unions for the new. The Colossal figures were disputed by Mieczysław Girejowski, deputy head of the official unions. But he had to admit that his membership was deserving like "bank notes floating in the pocket"—a Polish way of saying that nothing succeeds like a recession.

Peter Lewis

FLAVOURS ARE LIKE MEMORIES. YOU NEVER FORGET THE GOOD ONES.

The timeless flavour of the world's most expensive chocolate. Rich, smooth, yet delicate.

A hint of fresh, ripe Spanish almonds. Together in a unique liqueur from Hiram Walker. Try it the traditional way Straight up. Or on-the-rocks. Or blended into one of a whole collection of inspiring long-drinks and cocktails.

In so many ways, it's a flavor to remember.

Hansel
Combine in blender 1-1/2 oz. Swiss Chocolate Almond with 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps and 3 oz. vanilla ice cream. Serve in cocktail glass dusted with shaved chocolate.

Straight Up
Pour 1-1/2 oz. Swiss Chocolate Almond in a highball glass packed with ice. Top with milk.

Swiss Cow
Pour 1-1/2 oz. Swiss Chocolate Almond in a highball glass packed with ice. Top with whipped cream and shaved chocolate.

Schussboomer
Add 1-1/2 oz. Swiss Chocolate Almond to a cup of hot chocolate. Serve with whipped cream and shaved chocolate.

Swiss Chocolate Almond Liqueur
From Hiram Walker.
The legendary Swiss favorite.

Find out more Hiram Walker Swiss Chocolate Almond Liqueur in our free recipe book. Write: Hiram Walker, Dept. 100, 1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, IL 60610. Call 1-800-255-4421.

Canada's hope goes crashing



Crash scene (left); (below) McDonnell Douglas F/A-18 Hornet plane; allegations of a cover-up



to be suffering from major technical difficulties. Some experts have predicted that it will never reach the performance standards promised when the Canadian deal was struck. It will certainly never meet the price.

One of the plane's chief difficulties seems to be unpredictable. The aircraft that crashed performed well at the Farnborough International Air Show near London earlier this month. But when it left the next day for Spain—the Madrid air show is also one of several air shows the cockpit was forced to meet. In particular, the aircraft concerned, in Goss's words, was "supposed to be the perfect F-18, the one in which they were supposed to have sorted out all the faults, the one that was used to gain confidence in the programme." Another is that a few days before the crash the U.S. Navy, relating to America's stay questioning the performance of the F-18, gave a parts of Canadian journalists from Washington to the navy base at Gemma, Va., for a briefing. An F-18 was

parted on the runway at Gemma, but the journalists did not see it perform. It remained stationary on the tarmac throughout their visit. Yet stories described the plane as "dark," and the *Toronto Star* reported: "Naval officers were at pains to emphasize their confidence in the plane's fitness."

After last week's shock the story is going to become state news that it was "inevitably" intercepting flight operations" of an F/A-18 pending completion of the previous accident investigation. Frank Tomlinson, spokesman for McDonnell Douglas, said: "We don't know what went wrong with the aircraft. The indication is that it was an engine fault, but it could have been one of many things. There have been some problems with the aircraft but we are still delighted with it. It is a good plane but we have had problems. For example, on some models the No. 4 fuel cell leaks. We just can't find out why."

That, however, may not have been what caused the "trouble-free" plane to crash in Britain said Shirley Geer. "Our in-

formation is that as the aircraft took off something fell from it onto the runway."

Geer's allegations about a cover-up apparently rest on her observation that only a single news agency carried the story about the F-18's crash. But she may be an "incongruous ground witness," says a "top congressional lobby source here." Geer says that when the House appropriations committee considered a defense budget item setting aside \$1.7 billion for a package of six F/A-18s last week they attached a rider instructing Defense Secretary Harold Brown not to buy any of the planes until all deficiencies had been made good. "We understand that a group of pro-Israel congressmen are going to have this changed on the floor," says Geer.

Meanwhile, McDonnell Douglas' Tomlinson maintains that Canada will get the plane on schedule. "It's a matter of semantics but we are not saying this plane has been grounded, rather the navy is calling it an 'administrative hold.' No doubt it will ease some headlines in development but nothing so much," he says. Congressman Vento, however, sees things rather differently. "We may have a very little group of work here," he said. "We need independent experts to look at this one. The people deserve to know exactly what went wrong."

New York

Giving up is hard to do

No fewer than nine United States senators staged the same farce for fellow Republican Jacob Javits this weekend before the New York primary. Other functionaries such as former president Gerald Ford and Senator Barry Goldwater did them in at taped television meetings. But in the most votes ever counted last week, the 76-year-old Javits had lost his bid for a fifth term as a Republican senatorial nominee to a virtual unknown—40-year-old Alfonso D'Amato, a sprawling supervisor of the town of Hempstead, one of the three large administrative units that comprise suburban Nassau county.

In the end, Javits, who has not lost an election in 38 years, fell victim to the frailties of his own body and the durability that has plagued the Republican party in New York state since Nelson Rockefeller died nearly two years ago. Even as he mounted the platform to make his concession speech, Javits stumbled, embarrassingly, on the stage—visible evidence of the motor neuron disease that is robbing him of



Javits (left); Javits (center); D'Amato with wife, Peppy, at a New York City event



physical co-ordination, though not his intellect.

Javits' doctors believe that despite his affliction he could serve a one-year term. But, during the exhilarating campaign, he had trouble with such routine activities as shaking hands and opening doors. There was real pathos when he pleaded with a group of Republicans: "Please give me a few hours of your time, and I'll give you the rest of my life."

The pathos was lost on challenger D'Amato, however. He made Javits' age

and health the focal point of a blistering campaign attack and, almost as tellingly, charged that Javits, whose voting record supported Democratic President Jimmy Carter more than 80 per cent of the time, was far more progressive than the party he claimed to represent. The views were also helped by a series of statements—anti-nuclear weapons, abortion, and gun control—made by Republicans who had long waited under the dominion of the liberal Rockefellers for wing of the party and the endorsement with which Javits treated their views.

D'Amato's stunning victory took the spotlight from what was to have been the main event on primary day—the Democratic doublet between Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman, former Miss America Miss Myerson—who also did a stint as New York City's commissioner of consumer affairs—former mayor John Lindsay and New York district attorney John Santucci. Myerson had the blessings of such top local Democrats as Mayor Edward Koch and Governor Hugh Carey and spent lavishly on a slick media campaign. She was unable to shed her image as a glamour queen, however. And more importantly, she split the vote among moderate Democratic Labor and moderate Democratic Socialists, whose student liberal and leftist factions have earned her the sobriquet "Bella Abzug without a hat," emerged a clear winner with 41 per cent of the vote.

For his part, Javits has made clear that he may yet further. He intends to appear on the November ballot in New York as the Liberal Party candidate, and already insiders predict that many of the redoubtable senator's colleagues will continue to campaign for him. That does not bode well for Holtzman. In a three-way race, Javits might eke enough votes from her to ensure the election of the conservative D'Amato.

But whatever the winner, the real issue will well turn out to be President Carter. His presence on the liberal ticket could prove a boon to John Anderson, who has steadily recovered that party's vote for the presidency, averaging enough votes to deny Carter New York's crucial 41 electoral votes.

A little wonder then that, last week, the president's aids failed to participate when the League of Women Voters announced that their first debate (as for this week) would include Anderson. Carter staffers, fearing Anderson's potential appeal to the president, postponed the debate to a few days after a two-man Carter-Reagan confrontation. Said Richard Chacean, a senior Javits adviser: "With Javits on the liberal line, it is essentially a plus for Anderson. And when you look at the debate situation, you can really see how Anderson has gotten the short end of the stick."

Rita Christopher

By William Lowther

The grotto-plagued F-18 fighter plane, on which Canada is basing its defense strategy for the next 20 years, was grounded indefinitely late last week after one of the US experimental craft built so far crashed in Britain immediately a closed session of an investigative committee of Congress called for a hold on all funds allocated for further research on the plane. Many damage claims were submitted to the U.S. Army officials of McDonnell Douglas who建造 the F/A-18. Many McDonnell Douglas partners in the venture and British air safety authorities conducted a secret investigation; there were allegations of a cover-up from the Washington office of Minnesota Congressman Bruce Vento, a long-time opponent of the F-18 program.

The doubts centred not only on the restricted nature of the inquiry, but on what caused the crash and the extraordinary actions of Britain in keeping the public from the scene. A 12-year-old boy who took pictures of the wreckage but had cameras snatched by a policeman who promptly exposed the film. "There are a great many mysteries concerning the F-18, but there is no greater mystery than that I doubt if anyone will ever get to the bottom of it," said Vento, investigating Shirley Geer.

The new doubts about the F-18 can only add to concern in Ottawa, which has ordered 137 F-18s at an expected cost of \$14 billion, the biggest capital contract in Canadian defense history. The aircraft project (McDonnell Douglas' June 20) is already known to be running \$1 billion over budget in the U.S. and

Canada has purchased the F-18 which denotes an F/A aircraft with a single seat.



Understudies and supporting cast members that vary from sequins to a wedding cake

Festival of Festivals

At week's end Toronto's fifth annual tribute to cinema, the Festival of Festivals, prepared to close with a bang-up bash, climaxing a week best characterized by the title of the final film—*Dinner at Madame Malibran's*. *Madame Malibran's* was actually held during three previous sessions, and Maysles has cut all of her satiric characters including "tacky Delores, Delage, the toast of Chacou," and costumes that vary from sequins to a wedding cake. *Dinner at Madame Malibran's* was actually held during three previous sessions, and Maysles has cut all of her satiric characters including "tacky Delores, Delage, the toast of Chacou," and costumes that vary from sequins to a wedding cake, which she sports while singing *Chapel of Love*. Afterward a party was arranged to wrap up the whole affair at a basement disco called Heaven. "Very, very tacky, but perfect," summed up Paul Cooper of the n'cappella group *The Nylons*, who were featured at the event.

Two nights in a row actor James Corden, Jean-Luc Godard were honored at the festival and the maestro rewarded in a public appearance following a screening of his 1959 film *Breathless*, featuring Jean Seberg and Brigitte Bardot. After being introduced as "the man who changed the language of film," Godard dourly admitted "I am still quite well known, despite the fact that all of my films are failures."

Just when everything seemed to be going smoothly for the festival, Karen Powell and Ryan O'Neal said some of the thunder by announcing their wedding plans at the Venice Film Festival. Teresa, of course, had Lee Majors,



O'Neal and Powell may start work on their wedding plans

Powell's ex-husband, smirking the roles with ballerina Karen Kain, and passing far the occasional beer at parties with former CFDC president Michael McCabe. "It comes as no surprise I wouldn't be all the talk in the world," said Majors when told of Powell's plans. Of his "good friend" Rita, Majors was protective. "It's quite a responsibility going out with Canada's national treasure," he said. "But then I was married to America's."

Two nights in a row actor James Corden and Jean-Luc Godard were honored at the festival and the maestro rewarded in a public appearance following a screening of his 1959 film *Breathless*, featuring Jean Seberg and Brigitte Bardot. After being introduced as "the man who changed the language of film," Godard dourly admitted "I am still quite well known, despite the fact that all of my films are failures."

Just when everything seemed to be going smoothly for the festival, Karen Powell and Ryan O'Neal said some of the thunder by announcing their wedding plans at the Venice Film Festival. Teresa, of course, had Lee Majors,

Corden left

Karen and Majors, it's a respectfully going out with Canada's national treasure, after marrying America's

of 150 tent foods—most of them involving glutens. "I'miger ever better now and by next month I hope to be back to normal," he says. "Now I recommend Food allergy testing to anyone who has arthritis. My father died of arthritis and I'm sure no one ever asked him whether he thought it might have anything to do with his diet."

One of the most unusual films of the festival was a 50-minute tribute to the series by California film-maker Tom Bass, third Garbo Is Good or Ten Mothers. It also presented Steppen with their first opportunity to experience "soft-sell-a-vision"—unless they happened to have been among the handful of patrons who screened *Scent of Mystery* in 1969. Restaurants and garlic lovers *My Roastbeef* and *Ernest Spoerle* sat at the task of the theme surreptitiously cooking garlic in a toaster-oven and flinging the fumes into the air while His performance was baited by theatre officials. "They told me if I didn't stop I'd be charged with disseminating garlic in a public place," said Rosenberg, whose oven was confiscated though he was allowed to hold on to his raw "stinking" roast. "It's another crazy fan story," said Maledra before returning to New York to work on her second record album, the sequel to her discus-pan success *I Went Your Way*.

As usual among those attending the Trade Forum, there was a list of talk about the quality of Canadian films and their contribution to the Canadian cultural identity. Stephen J. Lewis, co-producer of *Snowmoke*, expressed his views succinctly when he noted: "Crip is an essential part of culture."

One of the few hundreds of festival-goers attending US Caval General *Friedkin's* after-gala party following the screening of *Breathless*

was comic Howie Mandel. The party was held on the second-floor mezzanine of Bloor Street's trendy Colorado complex and Mandel enjoyed it because he could "window-shop and talk shop" at the same time. "I play a role in the media, no particular reason," Mandel explained. In his new role in the film *Thelma with Revolutionary Pictures* and Gabe Kaplan, which was filmed last year in Montreal and is now in the editing stages, so much so that whole scenes are being added. Mandel may have gotten mileage out of the parts but the celebrities left early. In fact, Consul General Smith left during the opening hour. James Corden tried to leave but found himself hoisted by fans at the top of the staircase. Ellen Burstyn was the fastest out. Five minutes after going up the staircase she was hauled down. "I don't like parties in shopping malls," she said.

What is that woman?" was the most often asked question of this year's festival, as well as last year's. The answer was *Rosa Malova*, a 25-year-old Bulgarian dancer, actress prone to gilded party clothes, who was introduced to the festival by organizer "accomplices" Jim and Sandy Cole. Unbeknownst to most, Malova has acted in a number of well-known films, including *Priscilla Queen of the Desert*, and had the film shown in Toronto last year. One was *Friday Syndicate*, which she made in Italy two years ago with James Mason in the title role. *Union City* starring Bette Davis, Barbara Marx, which had its North American premiere at the festival. "I play a crazy lady who lives next door," she explained. North American audiences should be able to recognize Malova more readily when she finishes work on *Dancer for Me*, the story of a deferring Russian ballerina. "It's another crazy fan story," said Maledra before returning to New York to work on her second record album, the sequel to her discus-pan success *I Went Your Way*.

At the Trade Forum, pundits and delegates discussing "The Future for Independent Films" bemoaned Canadian producers who seem more interested in tax subsidies than cinema. "There's no real need to recover the money," noted Quebec screenwriter *Maurice Lacombe*, whose film *The Bloodhounds* received a standing ovation. Panelists displayed open admiration of the Australian film industry, which has gone from such "ugly ducklings" as *Hearts of the West* and *Career and The Chase* to *Atom Egoyan's* *The Tuxedo* and *John Boorman's* *The Wind Will Carry Us*. *Wind* was quickly dispelled by Angus Film-maker *Albie Thomas*, who pointed out that only 10 per cent of the country's films are



Maledra (from left), Malova and Kellerman, a crazy lady next door and a religious fanatic with unknown tabs

international distribution and the government's intent to "reorient" it "towards the corporate." It's too bad, said Thom, "some producers are going to New Zealand to get away."

According to the Ontario government, \$80 million worth of movies and programs were filmed in the province last year. "That represented \$800 million in economic benefits," said Douglas Allan, assistant deputy minister of the province's Department of Industry and Tourism. Allan cited international eyeballs at the Trade Forum by noting that "globe at any cost" is all the province is interested in, not in helping Canadians get a major share of

the movies made with Canadian money." Allan also indicated that he believes audiences do give a hoot about where the movies they watch are made because "people go to the movies to be entertained and do a little thinking."

The hottest film of the festival may not have been film but videotape. During a taped Trade Forum panel discussion, producer Bill Marshall and writer Marcella Hansen engaged in a debate that Marshall characterized as a "productive personal vendetta." Becker started the verbal skirmish by claiming that Canada's movie industry is filled with "unbelievably bad taste and talent with great." Marshall then charged Becker with losing off the film rights to his books, even though film rights aren't normally made available. Becker responded with a comment about Marshall's production of "house movies that won't get distributed." Marshall, who has produced *Mr. Patience* and *Curly of Two* in the past year, took low aim and said: "Moeschell Becker. I buy his book every time he writes it." Becker, however, maintained total control and got off this biting comment on the state of the art. "If Moeschell wrote many more, so did Hauberg's *Helper* and *Kleesess*." The audience booted, snarled and cheered throughout. "He was hysterical and savage," whined Marshall in retreat at the inopportune waste.

We lined together for hours, but we waited a nearly week. *Sally Kellerman*, who drooled over *Alien* and *Star Trek*, came to see *Head On*. Through the claim that her "partnered" with *Anthony Krupa* is "out of complete independence," Kellerman hopes to differ. "Sally, you are the most dedicated female I know," Krupa, "Sally, sally," declared Kellerman, but until May I'm as single as I was before—except for the sex."

Half of us who are alive are positive proof of this good aspect of the city," explained Belgian-born filmmaker *Myriam Abramowitz*, whose minute documentary film *As If We Were Yesterday* deals with the contributions the Belgian people made by hiding 4,600 Jewish children from the Germans. Working with German artist *Eduard Schiele*, Abramowitz tracked down hundreds of survivors over a three-year period, and everywhere they show their film they are greeted by people who are immediately touched by the effect. Still, Yesterday failed to draw headlines or even mention in the frontiers. "It's not an easy subject," acknowledged a disappointed Abramowitz. "But it hurts to see what gets applause and what gets millions of dollars at this kind of gathering." Edited by Marsha Leon

Innocence or guilt and a larger problem

By Hal Quinn

Every international traveler has felt heat palpitations as the customs agent's wandering eye and fiddle finger dug into mind connections, hidden wants and public exposure of celebrities of all kinds. On Aug. 26, Ferguson Jenkins, a 30-year-old native of Chatham, Ont., pitcher for the Toronto Blue Jays of the American League, one recipient of the Order of Canada, was spared that indignity. He wasn't at Toronto International Airport when his luggage arrived late. "There was no big surprise," says Superintendent Donald Henton of the airway. "It's normal procedure to inspect baggage that arrives

Jenkins, met Sept. 6 with officials of the baseball commissioner's office. "We left with the distinct impression that the image would take no action until the case was heard," says Greenpan. But last week, baseball's Commissioner Bowie Kuhn wrote Jenkins: "Since you have declined to co-operate with this office's investigation, I therefore am only for the record that you should not be as uniform again until such matter is disposed of."

The suspension with pay and benefits was the most drastic measure taken by the commissioner since the suspension of Detroit Tiger pitcher Dennis McLerran in 1970 for carrying a gun and breaking a prediction imposed by Kuhn.



Jenkins in Toronto (above), Kuhn suspended him indefinitely before the case is heard

separately." The next day customs inspectors found four grams of cocaine, two ounces of marijuanna and two grams of hashish in Jenkins' luggage. Police said the drugs had a street value of \$500.

Jenkins was arrested at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium Aug. 25 and his case was remanded until Dec. 18 at Brampton, Ont., court. The maximum penalty six months imprisonment and a \$1,000 fine, the usual first-offense penalty, a charge that does not amount to a criminal conviction. Under the circumstances (a Ferguson Jenkins appearance day was held in Toronto Aug. 15 in recognition of his 25 major-league seasons and 309 1/2 wins since record) Jenkins did not pitch in Toronto that August trip. He and his lawyer, Wright

Greenpan, met Sept. 6 with officials of the baseball commissioner's office. "We left with the distinct impression that the image would take no action until the case was heard," says Greenpan. But last week, baseball's Commissioner Bowie Kuhn wrote Jenkins: "Since you have declined to co-operate with this office's investigation, I therefore am only for the record that you should not be as uniform again until such matter is disposed of."

The suspension with pay and benefits was the most drastic measure taken by the commissioner since the suspension of Detroit Tiger pitcher Dennis McLerran in 1970 for carrying a gun and breaking a prediction imposed by Kuhn.

According to Donald Fife of the players' association, should Goetz's decision go against Kuhn, Jenkins could be suspended the next day.

"One of the reasons we have filed the grievance," says Greenpan, "is that Kuhn's actions could set a bad precedent for baseball and we want to try and overturn it."

No matter what decisions are reached at the grievance hearing and the Brampton court, the case reflects a growing concern about drug use among professional athletes. Jenkins' arrest came only days after estimates surfaced that up to 75 per cent of the players in the National Basketball Association use cocaine, with up to 10 per cent getting high or free base in mixture of ether or ammonia with cocaine to remove salts and impurities. At the time Andre Dawson of the Cleveland Indians said, "There are more drug users in baseball than there are in football teams. Some teams have major problems, others just two or three players. But a drug culture exists in baseball." Drug use by pro athletes appears to be particularly the case as that of the general population, but as Toronto psychiatrist Andrew Macdonald, author of

Maclean's

OFFERS

YOU

CANADA

AND THE

WORLD

... every week with superlative news coverage and now with two magnificent full color wall maps.

Important news breaks so quickly—and in so many far-flung locations—that you really do need a good map to keep track of things.

An expensive atlas would do the job. Or you could take advantage of Maclean's latest money-saving subscription offer. And get the maps you need as **BONUS GIFTS**.

Just subscribe to Maclean's for 32 weeks and we'll send you your choice of these two splendid maps, one of Canada, the other of the world. Take 32 weeks and we'll send you **BOTH** maps!

Act today. You'll get your maps shortly after we receive your subscription order **AND THEY WON'T COST YOU AN EXTRA CENT**. Simply fill in and mail the coupon of prepaid postcard today.

32 issues **\$19.98**

(Our low base sub rate
Reg. \$32 at newsstands)

52 issues **\$19.50**

(Our low base sub rate
Reg. \$32 at newsstands)

Maclean's
DONUS GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

Send me 32 issues of Maclean's for only \$11.98*
(reg. \$32 at newsstands) PLUS

Map of Canada or Map of the World or

LONG TERM SAVINGS

Send me 52 issues of Maclean's for only \$18.50*
(reg. \$32 at newsstands) PLUS BOTH MAPS. It

Name _____ Apt. _____

Address _____ City _____ Prov. _____

State _____ Postal Code _____

Payment enclosed Bill me later

Box 6640, Station A
Markdale, Ont. N2L 2K2

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed

Printed in U.S.A.

Sports Column

Overtime has come, to talk of benefits and things

By Trent Frayne

It was a terrible summer for the many pros of the National Hockey League. No, no, no! Not their wives, the little darlings who straddled along or an Ottawa's average pay of \$103,800 which barely keeps a girl driving her Massey. No, it was the owners. The owners wouldn't let them rest and restore and recharge after the endless season. The owners interrupted the mostly four months of holiday a hockey player is entitled to, his one opportunity to fish and play golf and let his little ones know that he, not his agent or the bullet, is their daddy.

What happened was that the owners debated at a meeting in June to institute a five-month overtime period in the games. They figured it might help break the logjam of 144 non-overtime games last season. 181 the year before, 188 the year before that and 132 the year before that. Does this even like a lot of fun, a lifetime of kissing your sister? It is. Faced with the tide recent of the dead World Hockey Association, it's utterly ludicrous.

The wits, say it isn't, had the problem. Look, look, but all of them wasn't be gains. In its final day sessions the WHA had a mere 98 to its 110, an average of 22.5 a season, against an NHL average average six times greater at 128.5. So the owners, who themselves had resisted overtime for a mere 18 years (it was invoked as a temporary overtime provision in 1982 as a transportation accommodation), finally broke down and voted it in by a 12 to 9 margin last June. They were angry and worn and up by a lean, way-hairied young gun named Howard Baldwin, who had been the president of the WHA since August, 1977, while running the New England Whalers, which he still does under their now defunct name, the Hartford Whalers.

Tarried to have moved enough of their bets to get a majority, the progressives among the owners were delighted to tell the waiting world:

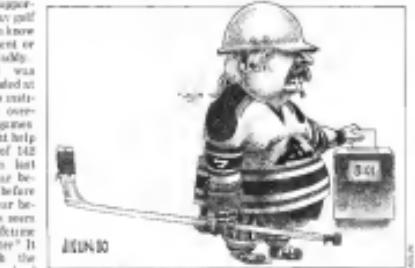


ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY BROWN

they were giving a belated thought to that long-suffering fellow, the fan. They had decided to try to have more decisions in next season's games. Five minutes worth of sudden-death overtime.

Whereupon the NHL Players' Association, A. Eagleman's executive division, cried out that the players had not been consulted. Under the collective bargaining agreement between the landlords and the serfs, they should have been. "Put-out," snarled A. Eagleman,

consensus," quoth A. Eagleman, "we asked the you to postpone it until we could discuss it a great deal more." And then, taking the old ball around with the billy-necked president of the league, John Snyder, the Eagle reported, "We came up with an idea that warrants another try." What it is, is a trade-off. If the players accept overtime, cost of their benefactor, they would want more, er, benefits, right? Such as increased medical and dental plans.

All of which appeared to suffice the front-office progressives.

"It was the players' association that suggested originally that we try overtime," muttered Cliff Fletcher, whose Atlanta Flames have been transplanted to Calgary. "We just thought we felt the fans wanted it."

The home trading ruled Howard Baldwin too, who still doesn't know why the establishment's Montreal Canadiens and Boston Bruins are against overtime's re-introduction. He wonders if the guys know there's competition going on for people's money in the entertainment business.

Business

in effect, that makes playing for a 100 dangerous. Anything can happen in sudden-death overtime. You'll try harder to win to avoid it. Overtime becomes a threat, and look who benefits the fan.

Hockey is the only big game whose fans don't always get a decision. Base-ball teams play all night if necessary, suspending games when local curfews intervene, picking them up next time when they left off. Softball stadiums the National Football League stay wide while teams search for the required touch-down in field goal in 15 minutes of overtime. People want a decision. That's who they like to see.

"Because the players couldn't reach a

consensus," quoth A. Eagleman, "we asked the you to postpone it until we could discuss it a great deal more." And then, taking the old ball around with the billy-necked president of the league, John Snyder, the Eagle reported, "We came up with an idea that warrants another try." What it is, is a trade-off. If the players accept overtime, cost of their benefactor, they would want more, er, benefits, right? Such as increased medical and dental plans.

All of which appeared to suffice the front-office progressives.

"It was the players' association that suggested originally that we try overtime," muttered Cliff Fletcher, whose Atlanta Flames have been transplanted to Calgary. "We just thought we felt the fans wanted it."

The home trading ruled Howard Baldwin too, who still doesn't know why the establishment's Montreal Canadiens and Boston Bruins are against overtime's re-introduction. He wonders if the guys know there's competition going on for people's money in the entertainment business.

in effect, that makes playing for a 100 dangerous. Anything can happen in sudden-death overtime. You'll try harder to win to avoid it. Overtime becomes a threat, and look who benefits the fan.

Hockey is the only big game whose

Business

Massey faces the grim reaper

By Gillian MacKay

Another week, another episode in the perils of that distant Canadian company known as Massey-Ferguson. Last Friday it was on the trade-in value of Black, chairman of Argus Corp., Massey's largest shareholder, "that you can hear the boom" that as the unhappy chronicle of the century-old farm machinery manufacturer evolved into a monumental cliff-hanger last week, it was not at all certain that a hero would emerge to cut his losses.

Massey's cries of distress to federal, provincial and foreign governments, though no surprise to outsiders, put a swift end to all the knee talk that has emanated from the company since Black and Walter Rice, the president, plucked it from the jaws of bankruptcy two years ago. Under their inspired direction, Massey shaved its international work force by close to one-third, backed by unpredictable assets involving write-downs of \$60 million and even managed to shift up a modest operating profit of \$20 million.

These bold moves were short-lived, however, and beginning late last fall everything that could go wrong for the company did so. Interest rates soared, the bottom fell out of the North American farm machinery market and the soaring British pound crippled export sales of Perkins Engines, once the strongest subsidiary. As losses mounted, so did Massey's already mounting credit debt load. In the latest six-month period ending in July, bank borrowings were up \$30 million over 1979 and total debts rose to a staggering \$1.7 billion, but the public alarm bell was not sounded until last week, when Massey announced that it could not meet conditions imposed by debt holders for the second year in a row. Under the terms are renegotiated by May 1, the cash-starved company could go bankrupt.

Despite the apparent apathy of the

situation, governments are regarding it skeptically, promising no assistance before the end of the month. In particular, taxpayers are still not convinced that they will get their money back.

Still, the only takers to date are Black's Argus Corp., which owns 16.4 per cent of Massey's stock, and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, which has close to \$400 million in loans

to Massey. They have agreed to contribute up to \$85 million Cdn., but only if ultimate financials make up the other \$100 million of working capital as reflected. If Massey does not raise the cash, says Black, it will be at the expense of a 256 international lenders, "with an array of whom have enough at stake that they can't sit idly."

Even if government officials believe this scenario, however, they will not necessarily intervene to prevent it. To assess, the recent guarantee of \$200 million in loans to Chrysler Canada Ltd. was bad enough, a massive rescue could open the floodgates to government bailouts. Although as head, chair and the majority of its shareholders are Canadians, Massey has only a fraction of its worldwide sales and assets just more than \$1 billion U.S. in Canada, and only 6,000 of its 37,800 employees. By comparison, Chrysler had 36,000 employees before the collapse of the past year. Financially, not everyone is convinced that the equity partners will, in fact, save the company from being bought out by a hostile foray.

Axionis, a financial services firm based in Mississauga, claims that Black, chairman of Massey-Ferguson, has no intention of flooding the market with more shares, which would likely bring the price down. Axionis also claims that while Black may have "solar signs in his eyes," he is an astute director, is only asking for "reasonable terms" to mea-



ROB LOUGHREY AND CLIFF FLETCHER

Business

sure. But if investors had the same inaccurate knowledge of the company that I do, they would consider it too risky. It's a case of no man and yes for

Black. Still, the only takers to date are Black's Argus Corp., which owns 16.4 per cent of Massey's stock, and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, which has close to \$400 million in loans

sure lenders and supply manufacturers to fund-raising schemes. Having written down Argus' investment in Mawsey to zero and merged the Mawsey chairmanship in May ("It was a relief to get out of there," he says), Black is now positioning himself to the more vulnerable position of building up his resources-rich Argus empire. "I am afraid it will be difficult to come to terms that I don't have a cent in the place and that it doesn't matter to me financially what happens."

Despondent with his more tough-skinned corporate colleagues, Black is

extraordinarily sensitive to the criticism that he has abandoned Mawsey or that he ditched his wagon to its success and faded. Instead of passing on praise, which have come for his prodigious achievements with Argus, he is bairn gloating in the corridors of Bay Street. "I am amazed by the number of well-educated financial experts who are lauding in the view that I am some sort of a pants-downs firefighter on the scene. Well, sure, that's a small angle that he has done more for Mawsey than the previous generation of owners or managers, who are largely to blame for its present woes, and that he never

promised to work miracles. Maybe not,

but Black basked in the glow of media attention that followed his take-over of Argus two years ago, and now one suspects he misses it. Though as a lover of journalism, he was almost heart by the boldness of their stories, taking refuge in the faith that history will judge him more fairly. "I know what's going on at Mawsey. Either we lose nothing, or we, along with other investors, make a lot of money. No one will use that as Black's story line. With all eye to both future and past, he adds, "That's a historian by vocation, and by that I mean I will be judged." □

Reeling from reel to reel

THE town was becoming so frantic with talk and talk-off. You know that guy there? They're swearing the guy next to him is Curtis Sliwa! Funny, he doesn't look like a producer. He looks more like a violent anti-socialist and the last accusations were getting downward at his open shirt and Workdays as the critics argued he was worried the movie, that well, that's probably why you'll never get to be a producer. Laughed another. The least you could do is think like a stockbroker. More laughter. More drinks. More sets of knowing eyes staring across the crowded room, looking and reciting the orchestrated conversations everyone knew where others were being talking, while others were being made. Curious. It was the usual event the day before the opening week of *Forrest Gump*. For day Trade Forum, Toronto to the closest thing the Canadian film industry has in a business conference. Yet for all the exaggerated jibes, it was clear the Canadian film industry isn't particularly happy.

This next three months will likely see the year a big surge of cash flowing from overseas



PHOTO BY JEFFREY D. STONE

Rafferty (left) with partner David Porte with the country's most anti-commercial industry



Groucho, in a state of mild withdrawal

SINCE I can't get over how busy the Canadian film community seems to be at this time of year, I decided to get a general feel for the local considerations many filmmakers and media execs have been quizzing for Canadian content—especially that successful minority film distribution that seems to manage films that other look American or even with British subtitles, notably *Brigadoon* and

Much of this year a trend can be put down to growing pains. After last year's unprecedented spate of film-making, bankrolled by \$160 million drawn from investors across the country and elsewhere the film industry this year is in a state of mild withdrawal. Many executives feel that they'll be left behind as the tide recedes. In fact, it will be the industry's lot of green couriers including investment broker for Toronto's A.C. Amies & Co. Limited, one of the half dozen leading brokerage houses responsible for film investment. Already the international side of the film industry—particularly the American and Canadian film studios—will be looking for new markets—and—now because the market is more sophisticated, I believe the rest will follow. Meanwhile, repositioning a winner like *Brigadoon* inside will remain in the cards.

Anthony Whitchurch



**98.1 OF A KIND
CHFI**

Consumerism

No-price products deprogrammed

When Lynn Kryszak returned last year from her work with a market research company, she joined the 30 per cent of Canadians in food inflation who feel particularly trapped by the increasing price of everything. "Since I've worked with figures and

done store surveys," she says, "I am more aware of prices than the average shopper." She proved her point recently at a supermarket in Kitchener and Toronto. In checking her shopping receipt, she discovered that she had been charged full price for facial tissue displayed as a sale item. Though the error was politely corrected, she was left feeling uneasy. "I would have noticed the computer's mistake at the counter but the price lies on the tissue," she says, "but with the price tag replaced by the Universal Price Code (UPC)—a series of black stripes that

identify the product to the computer—I can't keep track of prices as well anymore."

Most shoppers aren't as diligent as Kryszak in remembering staff prices and checking receipts—few of any other shoppers at the east-end supermarket even noticed they had paid full price for the tissue. It is partly this potential for error that has prompted consumers' groups to oppose the recent move to eliminate price tags. While a computerized system for inventory undoubtedly will improve efficiency in advertising and labeling goods and packaging, many consumers are worried that errors are being introduced when a skeptical computer trades some of its power in measuring prices for trust that the food industry will do a better job. Steady consumer complaints about the 20 stores already compensated in Ontario prompted the Ontario ministry of consumer and corporate affairs to



Kryszak testing price-monitoring power

conduct a study, released this summer, which showed that fully 80 per cent of consumers using computerized supermarkets want the prices left on. In response, the industry reinstated store pricing in Ontario (though not in the rest of the country) last month pending further study. But as Mary Peppert of the Consumers' Association of Canada (CAC) in Toronto points out, "When they say they're making a study, what they mean is they're letting the consumer cool off."

Deserted not to "cool off," the CAC wants price tags reinstated unconditionally in Canada's 72 computerized supermarkets. Last Saturday it published this position in what it called "quiet marches" in Toronto and other major cities in most of the country (UFC has not yet reached Atlantic Canada). Peppert says a no-price system denies

The third annual ENERGY LIFESTYLE SHOW will put you in touch with the latest advances in energy technology that have practical application to your needs.

Easy Living



We'll see how to plan your home for energy efficiency using new materials, building techniques and components like insulation, windows, and skylights that give your home savings.

Talk to the experts in the ENERGY EFFICIENT HOME SHOWCASE at The Energy Lifestyle Show. Architects, contractors and home builders will be offering designed-in energy savings through home plans which maximize energy from the environment while minimizing fuel expenditures.

Take a refreshing walk through the solar greenhouse addition, a way to create your own sun-environment!

Piggybanks!



Look into appliances that save you fuel dollars and enhance your lifestyle—heat pumps, woodstoves, solar heaters, furnaces, automatic thermostats, instant water heaters, fans, and solar heating units.

Getting Around



Canada's largest display of electric cars lets you see some of your many options for personal transportation. Select from gasoline or diesel cars rated most energy-efficient, learn about energy efficiencies of various mass transit modes.

All this in the ENERGY-EFFICIENT TRANSPORTATION SHOWCASE at the Energy Lifestyle Show.

No-Fuel Fun



Land sailors, hang gliders, a solar-powered boat, and other recreational products. No fueling!

Discover Your Options AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST ENERGY SHOW



New Generation

For no-power days or emergency power you'll find ways to maintain your lifestyle through generators powered by the sun, wind, water, and gasoline at The Energy Lifestyle Show. See new ideas and services provided by utility and petroleum companies to improve your lifestyle. Save fuel costs with chain saws and log splitting equipment.

When You Run Out of Energy ...



Relax in the ENERGY CINEMAS at The Energy Lifestyle Show, and enjoy film and video presentations which put your energy future in perspective.

Take Away a Good Deal

To start saving you money, many exhibitors will be offering show specials. There is also the chance of winning a valuable door prize: draw now! Save \$1.50—ENERGY SPECTRUM, the energy guide, is free with admission to The Energy Lifestyle Show.

Make A Date ...

To discover your future at the world's largest energy show!

**Toronto
International Centre:
AIRPORT ROAD**

Fri Oct. 3 5 P.M.—10 P.M.
Sat. Oct. 4 10 A.M.—10 P.M.
Sun. Oct. 5 10 A.M.—5 P.M.

Admission

\$1.50 Adults
\$1.50 Children
(\$1.00 Senior)



ENERGY LIFESTYLE SHOW



St. Jovian — a special French white you can afford...

Selected by
Sélectionné par
Mark Anthony
Wine Merchants Ltd.



Just tell the accountant you drive a Datsun.



200SX Lease or Purchase 280ZX

BLINGTON DATSUN
3000 BLINGTON AVE. WESTON
TELEPHONE: 289-4243

HIGHLAND CREEK MOTORS
205 OLD KINGSTON RD. SCARBOROUGH
TELEPHONE: 289-6765

We keep Erin Mills beautiful.

We have a commitment. To make Erin Mills a good place to live. And that means caring about every detail. The attention we give to design and convenience is evident in even the simplest things—like our garbage cans. Because we believe where you live, and how you live, is an important part of the home you live in.

There's a place for you in Erin Mills.

 *Cadillac Fairview*

consumers traditional control they can no longer tally up the cost of groceries before checking out, unless they memorize shelf prices, they can't ensure that the computer is charging the correct price. If goods are mislabeled, they have trouble knowing which price belongs to which product, and, if clarity or shortcomings, they may not even stop or stretch to pay a price a few dollars higher than it.

"At times, markers on supermarket shelves are missing altogether," says Krywinski. "I guess they get knocked off because they're near the floor."

Alexander McKichan, president of the Retail Council of Canada, believes the issue has been blown out of proportion and is really little different from whether to have milk in bottles or bags. "If we had a free market system," he says, "the problem would work itself out." This take-it-or-leave-it attitude neatly circumvents the fact that many people would submit unwillingly to the price-off system because all major supermarket chains are already committed to the system and there soon may be no real alternative. In fact, the industry will save money by this system whether or not item prices are removed—it's just a matter of how much. According to the Grocers' Predictive Manufacturers of Canada, 80 per cent of potential computer savings will result from elimination of item pricing, but McKichan says it's closer to 50 per cent.

In the U.S., where the UPC system first appeared in 1972, six states and dozens of other municipalities and counties have made item pricing mandatory. But the regulations have proved difficult to draw up and administer, due in part to numerous exceptions to item pricing (eggs and produce are never printed). So far in Canada, only Quebec and Manitoba have followed the American legislative lead. In the past year both provinces have required the authority to insist on item pricing, but specific regulations have yet to be drawn up and so the price-off system continues.

What Farley is asking for is a written commitment from the industry that it will maintain item pricing nationally. If that fails, American experience suggests that the only recourse is legislation. In the meantime, she says, some frustrated shoppers have taken to guerrilla warfare. "One man told me he hadn't achieved a thing by complaining so now when he shops he scribbles over the price of items he wants to purchase. When he gets to the checkout the cashier has to go back to the shelves to find the price." Others, like Lissa Krywinski, are less extreme. "If I don't know the price of something," she says, "and I find it's too much when I get to the checkout, I just don't buy it." Sarah Lawley

BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR

In 1510 a Benedictine Monk created a taste meant to last the ages. It has.



For the record



TOCHINSKY: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3
André Grégoire (piano), conducted by
Pierre de Maeyer
(Orchestre)

There is a sense of character, a majesty and a wistful pensiveness here quite uncommon in a 21-year-old. Garrick's deliberate waywardness allows this much-treasured concerto to appear less headstrong and more expansive than usual. But it's still a staggering match for heavyweights and Gavrilov.

and the London Philharmonic pealed away effectively. With such a quicksilver touch, he is an archangel among planets.

DEBUSSY: IMAGES FOR ORCHESTRA
PRELUDE AL ALPES MEDI UN FAUNE
Conducted by André Proulx
(Orchestre)



Fall works for the plenitude of the dappled sound and the sumptuous playing of the London Symphony, especially the soloist. But Garrick's interpretation is among the best. It's an energy comparison: at three delicate and subtle entrances that fit his need for tension and atmosphere. His studied language too often spills over into the more vigorous sections. Then just when languor is most needed, as in the *Prelude*, he walks into insipidity. But it is worth buying for the ravishing sound. —John Pearce

HEATH ROCKIN' RODS
Diane Heaton-Watson
BP-1-CDR

There probably isn't a female singer in the country better equipped for rock stardom than this Toronto vocalista, and her debut has been long anticipated

But what a disappointment to hear her powerful pipes squandered on unglamorous material and sacrificed to the relentlessly boring guitars that the insensitive producer has allowed to hold sway. Heaton-Watson herself seems so hell-bent for honours that all her sexy mannerisms turn to a synthetic razzmatazz. That there are occasions, such as in *The Heat of the Night*, when the Shouter does down and enough talent shines through to make you ready to wait for the next album, willing to forget that any of this ever happened. —David Livingston

Move fast while we're slow... and save up to \$350*!



We're not busy at Carrier this time of year... and that's good news for you! If you act now, you can save up to \$350* on a rebate from Carrier. This rebate applies to a total comfort system of Furnace, Heat Pump or Central Cooling, Electronic Air Cleaner and Humidifier. (Other rebates are available on individual units).

Call your Carrier dealer today, and ask him how a Carrier Comfort System can benefit you.

He'll explain how the new, "Sierra" Gas Furnace is designed to combine top quality with economy. And he'll tell you how you can save with a Heat Pump over electric, oil or gas heating.

Or, if you're looking ahead to cooling off next summer, a central cooling system is for you.

Your participating Carrier dealer has all the details. So call him today. He's in the Yellow Pages, under Air Conditioning, or Heat Pumps.

*Minimum rebate from \$100 to \$350. 15% discount to \$350.

*Minimum rebate from Oct. 6 to Dec. 31, 1986 amounts to \$350. Amounts may vary by location.

Carrier®

No. 1 air force in the world.

We sew
a little heart
into
every
suit.

Samuelsohn
Samuelsohn Limited 6110 Park Avenue Montreal Quebec H3M 1B9

To make the finest men's clothing, we start with the finest materials.

At Samuelsohn, we select only the choicest cloths from England, France and Italy, as well as the rest of the world.

Then with loving care and endless attention to detail, we tailor our superb Samuelsohn suits, jackets and outercoats.

The garments that result are renowned for exceptional comfort fit and appearance. Clothing that we've proudly put our heart into.

Discover the pleasure and satisfaction of Samuelsohn clothing. At finer men's shops across Canada.

CUBA



There's more to us than smiling faces, spectacular beaches and a fascinating history. See for yourself.

There's much more. From scuba diving at the Caribbean's only remaining virgin waters to hunting world record jaguars with bows in the fabled Treasure Lake, it offers an exotic mix of Lake Zaza and Oreganuco.

And our guest invites, sailfish and swordfish were enough to entice the American novelist, Ernest Hemingway, to spend months every year with us. Today we honour his memory with the annual Ernest Hemingway International Tarpon Fishing Tournament in early May. Why don't you sign up as too?

For our judo-loving friends, the Colony Hotel on the pictureque Isle of Youth is the home of Cuba's first international-style dojang centre. And whether you're a beginner or an expert-levelled danke you'll long remember our camp's rich and narrow world of musical forms.

Where else in the Caribbean can you hunt duck, grouse and other wild fowl, just like you do at home, but in an island of weather? So if you've never tried hunting here, in shorts and T shirt, instead of in long johns, and a mudskin hunting jacket, come and see us.

If you're a sailor and you've never sailed our waters then there's a treat in store for you. You can rent a Sunfish for daytrips or a larger yacht which sleeps the red jack.

sail home along the coast, anchoring at a different island or bay each evening.

If you'd like to find out more about
fishing, hunting, scuba diving or sailing in
Cuba, contact your travel agent or write to
Cuban Consulate, 103 Bay Street, Suite
406, Toronto
Ontario M5J 1A1

There's no better vacation value in the Caribbean.



Books

A voice out of time

By Roy MacGregor

Beyond him, the hardwood forest is blackening in the setting sun, blushing with the early ripples of fall. Soon the colors of Quebec's Eastern Townships will rise to equal its own autumn. October will come and with it the release of *Viviers en Perse*, his last novel in 12 years, perhaps the last. Hugh MacLennan is leaning on a visitor's car, arms folded over the roof, his hands open, blocking as at rest. This is a man who does not fit comfortably in a chair, who is more at home in the world outside.

A faint smile before translation. The winter is fitting now, not cracked as it was when he dealt with his first wife's death and her later, ether-wand appearance in *Leviathan*, and the right hand has settled now, not trembling as it was when he spoke, for the first time, of his own personal terror during the 1978 October Crisis. Fear then, fear again now, as he prepares for what may be the final judgment. Diminished by the criticism and bodily hurt last time out, he will try again in a different age and see if, past maybe, his time has come again.

"When I finished the book," he says in his soft, proper manner, "I suddenly discovered I had become very tired. Not just tired in body"—he drags the pains of head to forehead—"but tired up here."

A falling azalea raps off the fence, closing off the conversation. MacLennan draws away and looks up into the red oak that stands outside his North Hatley cottage. It is a tree that a younger Hugh MacLennan once wrote had a "Destiny" to fulfill, and this oak stands some 70 feet high, straight and proud. But not perfect. Caterpillars have left its leaves shredded, its canopy skeletal.

"I am writing," the First World War auto-home from Nova Scotia's Big Come Down, "the tale of my son." Hugh MacLennan was a child five, but, as this, his 74th year, he still concerned with the conduct of his work. "It is my first novel," he wrote in a 1962 application for a John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship. "I am writing a novel of the Canada I know, it is which I have lived. When Canadians understand themselves better, they will be understood by the rest of the world."



They speak of him as if he were dead

man's first two novels—set in Austria and the United States—were turned down, he concluded that the novel was "such an intimate form" he must stick to something he did know, the 1917 Halifax explosion in which he had been a boy.

as a student, as a stammering 20-year-old, the death of two men, and the book he gave us in 1911, *Brethren Abreast*, was a remarkable achievement.

He was a man who, though he wrote on the Gauguin-Goursat Fellowship, he titled *Two Soldiers*, which came to say more about the quality of Canada than did the British North America Act. Gouzenec, socialist and, at 87, still writing, is a remarkable man.

end of a delightful poem—and it is with irony, not pity, that he reads. Because after *Armistice*, from 1966, his career exploded and a further \$100,000 in royalties and the biggest payoff ever went to \$725. One day when he was 50, he sat down and tallied up his life for Governor-General's Awards (now five) and \$900 in the bank. The used car is a necessity, not an eccentricity. Royalties these days are helped by his critical success in West Germany, but they still only amount to \$1,000 a year. His part-time professor emeritus status at McGill is, as he puts it, "not to be regarded as a sinecure."

But MacLennan has always been oriented more with the future than the present. Overturning his grandparents' discussion of the need for more horses when he was 6, young Hugh immediately ran off to the chicken coop and began planting eggs. And this fall, seven decades later, he is investing in another crop. *From This Day* review, page 50 is an apocalyptic, futuristic view of the past we are living through today. Set 60 years in the future and after a "clean" nuclear war has destroyed the major cities setting the world population back 400 years, MacLennan offers a bleak view of what he sees as our sinking post-Christian Western society. Previously a writer who would sacrifice character for a cause, MacLennan has emerged, in *Council Behind*, the triumphant character of his career, and it is perhaps this that has him writing again all the more readily. "Now the storm clouds are flying again," this man who survived Nazi Germany talks in 1979 television audience just before his death in a classic short-the-messenger scene, "and the world may easily go out of control once more."

The Cudie word for several night is shukshukhukhuk, it is a Scottish word that sailed early to Glace Bay, Cape Breton Island, where Hugh MacLennan was born, and to Halifax, where he was raised. This is the Nova Scotia town where toothaches have been cured by driving rusty nails into teeth, and where MacLennan's own mother once woke up screaming, having dreamt that a huge ship was sinking with hundreds of helpless passengers. That was shortly after midnight, April 10, 1922—the night the Titanic went down of Newfoundland.

Sitting with friends in his North Hatley cottage the night of Oct. 23, 1963, Hugh MacLennan privately predicted the month-long death of American President John Kennedy, but this prophecy, he argues, was more related to cold logic than clifftop signs, as have been the accurate predictions in his books. Oddly enough, the most prophetic of his novels, *Return of the Spymaster* (1967), has also been ha-



MacLennan (left); book jackets, on display in his study. Nova Scotia, 1943; saying more about the duality of Canada than the British North America Act



Seated with his wife, Dorothy, in the Laurentians; at home in North Hatley (above); a victim of the 1917 Halifax explosion (top); a scene from "Two Soldiers" (dark, dark novel)

greatest disappointment. In it he used Montreal as a setting to show how misguided nationalism and the times could set father against son and seriously disrupt society. The critics hated the book. "They wondered if it [was] Toronto," he says, not at all comfortable with the memory. "Why? It happened, didn't it? I was dead right." Full of doom and gloom, it was hard, nonetheless, to reconcile this MacLennan with the one who began his career with great optimism. In *Berkeleyshire* he had even allowed himself the silly luxury of rewriting Shakespeare, taking John of Gaunt's "this sceptred isle" speech from *Richard II* and applying it to Canada—*"the sprawling waste, the unheroic mightiness—our future for herself, and for God know how many millions of mankind!"* To understand how few decades later he would be sitting in his cottage halfway through, "When you mankind ever had anything but senseless," it is necessary to see how one man's faith in all but the individual had come to evaporate.

The setting for MacLennan's own story is North Hatley, a village that is stuck in time as all summer escapes are

originally catalogued by the highly American North Hatley people still place high stock on decency and being a gentleman, two things MacLennan excels at. But what is valued above all else is order. It was no surprise that when MacLennan wrote about his cottage halfway in 1952 (he called it the Elmhurst), the title of his essay became "Everyone Knows the Rules."

In that world they did. But North Hatley, it must be said, has nothing to do with the real world. It is, rather, an illusion, an illusion precisely in that sense that MacLennan happened to be in his cottage on Aug. 6, 1963, the day an atomic bomb exploded at Hiroshima. There was some consternation in the village, but not from MacLennan. He went to bed but couldn't sleep, got up dressed, and as it was a warm night he walked out into the garden. He was still there at dawn, alone with his son, the sun, the stars in the last light spreading out from the east. All for the moment meaningless. "I thought, 'With a weapon like that what was the hope?' I tried to convince myself that it was all right, but I knew it wouldn't be." Part of his

faith passed from him that night.

But he did not completely change until 1963, the year Dorothy Deneau died. There had been a heartwarming romance between two writers, one American and the other Canadian, begun in 1952 by a correspondence on ideas, completed in 2006 by a marriage of feelings, though both knew children would be impossible. As a child Deneau had had four severe attacks of rheumatic fever, leaving her with a badly damaged heart. All went well for several years, but she even won the 1945 Governor-General's Award for *reflections*—but an attack of viral pneumonia in 1947 changed their hope to fatal acceptance.

From then on, they knew the end could come at any time. (Ironically, though he is today widely known as a teacher, he joined McGill in 1951 primarily to get his wife onto a Blue Cross medical plan.) At 7 a.m. on Easter Monday in 1963 she rang the bell beside her bed and he ran to her. "This is it," she told him calmly. "That is going to be the end." Two days later, with her body waiting to be cremated, he awoke at 4 a.m. in his friend, the poet P.R. Scott's house, and Dorothy

walked past him that night. She was present, very frail, he remembers, not even shaking. She had a remarkable smile, and it became the guiding force of *The Watch That Ends the Night*, key to the troubled book he had battled with for years and which went on to become his greatest success.

For MacLennan, writing this book was "like a snake shedding its old skin." Two Solitudes became a movie, and a terrible one, MacLennan and his wife spent a lifetime watching it, unnoticed, at the back of a Montreal theatre. A collection gift book, *Ghosts of Canada*, was also hammered by the critics. The scholarly analysis of his work now often because sharp, direct. "It is certainly true now," Roger Lake Hyman wrote in the *Queen's Quarterly* in 1973, "to give his novels a more harsh critical reading that they have yet been accorded, and to remove MacLennan from the pedestal of literary immortality to which he was originally elevated." The *mag* or *canlit* study of the decade, Margaret Atwood's *Survival*, had but few feet: references to his name. "That is the man who prepared the way for everyone else," says Ottawa University critic David Staines, "but, you know, Moses never

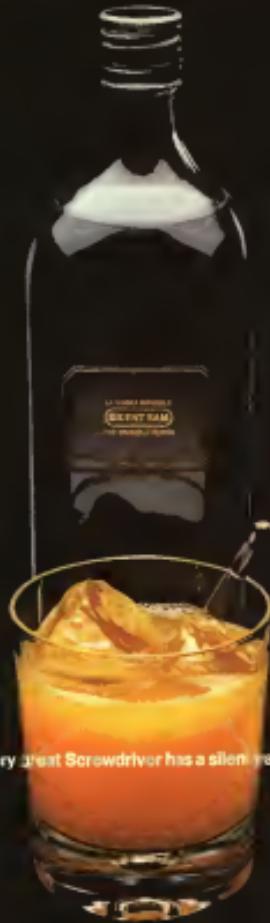
saw," he wrote at the end of *The Watch That Ends the Night*, "that is to be able to see the mystery surrounding us is the final and only function of human existence."

Unfortunately, he was already based in the Yukon, where his political beliefs always toward his region but less spreading outward, and with it came a tug he chose to obey—nationalism. That he loved his country was never the question, but he did believe that nationalism "when it becomes a surrogate for religion is a terrible, evil thing." Yet, having been the novelist who created the Canadian stage, he was charged with its upkeep. He had long seen what would happen in fact had written his editor, Macmillan's John Gray, on May 25, 1960, *tearfully*: "All I was trying to do was to define the background out of which any Canadian writer has to work. This building backslider, as I knew it was bound to among the critics here, and one of the most necessary things is marketing my work in the future, I believe, will be to undo some of these labels which have been pinned around my neck."

It could not be done. With the arrival of the '60s MacLennan slowly slipped out of fashion, he had remained, the charming Francis Walker, an old friend from Montreal, but he had stuck firmly with the older-leaving conservative generation he had been born into.

In "The Era of the Beatles" he stood for old-world authoritarianism, a patrician who represented all the values that were being challenged," says Toronto critic Elizabeth Cameron, who will preside over the first anniversary of MacLennan's death. "It was thought to be smart not to like MacLennan. He was, well, Father—all the things people were rejecting against."

The '70s were not to be the golden years he might have expected. Montreal lawyer Jack Specter, his closest friend, died. Two Solitudes became a movie, and a terrible one, MacLennan and his wife spent a lifetime watching it, unnoticed, at the back of a Montreal theatre. A collection gift book, *Ghosts of Canada*, was also hammered by the critics. The scholarly analysis of his work now often because sharp, direct. "It is certainly true now," Roger Lake Hyman wrote in the *Queen's Quarterly* in 1973, "to give his novels a more harsh critical reading that they have yet been accorded, and to remove MacLennan from the pedestal of literary immortality to which he was originally elevated." The *mag* or *canlit* study of the decade, Margaret Atwood's *Survival*, had but few feet: references to his name. "That is the man who prepared the way for everyone else," says Ottawa University critic David Staines,



Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

reached the promised land." All this hurt MacLennan. "As long as there's any criticism," says Elizabeth Cameron, "he's going to feel" uncomfortable. He was very heavily criticized as a child and perhaps that triggers it. That MacLennan is popularized with basically two kinds of fathers—the frail who fail or the strong who are wrong—may well be tied to his own father, Dr Samuel MacLennan, a strict Presbyterian, described by Hugh's sister, Frances, as "strict" but by a family friend as "generally kind, thoughtful and considerate." Young Hugh was a superb athlete excelling in tennis and basketball, but the doctor had decided early on that he only son would be a classical scholar and nothing else would be considered. Each week Johnnie Legas, the classic teacher at the Halifax Academy, would be invited to dinner, after which the two men and the boy would retire to the medical office's waiting room to read Vergil and Homer aloud. Hugh was eager to please and brilliant, but one can only imagine what he felt inside, that same night in 1958, when he announced his half-joke was a Rhodes Scholarship and his father's response was, "Get out and sleep the more."

He went from a PhD at Princeton and a scholarly future, to a groundbreaking novelist partly with the help of a 1957 tour of Russia that "cured me of any idealism I may have had about Marxism" and a growing perspective that "through nature remains itself—that doesn't mean that history will, but certain syndromes do keep occurring." His message could not be delivered through scholarly studies, but only through communication.

The only thing he couldn't see—perhaps the do-shielded faded him here—was that what he had to say would change so drastically. There was not much satisfaction in being right, as he believes he was, if a book like *Return of the System* was going to be used to put him down. And there was certainly no satisfaction when his fears came true in October of 1960. On Thanksgiving Monday, two days after Pierre Laporte had been kidnapped, MacLennan was learning for a short drive around the Eastern Townships to set the colors when he found a road blocked by two cars. Fortunately, a truck banged through ahead of him, but the two cars gave him chase, forcing him to pull over. Up to 100 km/h until he found a safe truck he could sit in front of, whereupon he quickly pulled up a window. Whether it was all massive coincidence or whether he—as a conventional symbol for English Canada—missed an appointment with a car trunk is something he will never know, and doesn't care to know.

But that, fortunately, was July 19

ONLY CPAIR HAS NONSTOP SERVICE TO SOUTH AMERICA.

It's great for business.



When you have to get down to business in South America, fly CPAir.

Nobody else can get you there faster because nobody else offers you nonstop service from Canada.

**Fly nonstop to Lima.
Connect to new, wide-body service
for Santiago and Buenos Aires.**

Every Friday CPAir takes off from Toronto for Peru, Chile and Argentina. In Lima you'll be welcomed aboard a big, beautiful orange DC-10 bound for Santiago and Buenos Aires.

We can also arrange convenient connections for you from Lima to São Paulo or Rio de Janeiro. One of the nice things about arriving on the weekend is you have plenty of time to relax or take care of last minute details for Monday's business.



You'll love the way we take care of business.

All CPAir we believe flying on business should be a pleasure.

That's why we do everything we can to make the going great.

You'll be looked after by thoughtful flight attendants. Baked international cuisine on a china and silver setting. And offered a fine selection of European wines and liqueurs.

So if you're heading down South America way... come with us.

Call your travel agent or CPAir at 675-2211 in Toronto, 525-4020 in Hamilton, or 1-800-268-4910 toll free.

CPAir

"We're out to be your airline."



You can pour whisky

years ago. Another time, another place, goes McGovern, come Bouges, bearded bell-bottoms to designer jeans. One of the few threads is can coexist peacefully through those years has been old, dependable Hugh MacLea...man, peaking away at his typewriter, unsure whether he could ever publish again, exonerated as he has always been: "A writer should also be a namesake." Part of his bitterness he was able to pour off into *Vesces in Time*, losing some of his own burden to Conrad Behrend who "as there was an open season on any public man over 30...because a target for the Marxists and separatists." That was Conrad Behrend—really MacLea...man—in 1976. By 1988 enough rebellion had receded into nostalgia; by 1990 the note on Quebec separation had become "now."

Perhaps, he dared wonder, his time had come again. He had written a dark, dark novel, but suddenly there was Iran, Afghanistan, invisible borders and a new arm race. And yet the novel was not entirely without light. MacLea...man is a great lover of classical music, where any great movement has counterpart, and he has applied it to his novel, as faint at times as the beat of a single heart, as it is mystery itself. But that, of course, is where he has been heading since he moved from Canada's great prairies to Bannister Street.

through Dorothy Deneau's tragic death. The book warns of destruction, yes, but the story could not have been told without a survivor. And MacLea...man, good God-fearing Celt that he is, could never destroy his own clan's dependable motto: "Where there's life, there's hope!" ☺

The collapsing vaults of history

VOICES IN TIME
by Hugh MacLennan
McMilla...an, \$14.95

In *Voices in Time* the only consistently manly man is a traitorous admiral in Hitler's navy who is blessed to "avoid trapping in the collapsing vaults of history." The author might be describing himself, such is the pervasiveness of doom in this seventh novel by Hugh MacLennan. "Learn to disintegrate in order to survive," advises a strong Jewish scholar. The book is perhaps a lesson in how to live in unconsciousness, disconnected and keep the spirit alive.

Why is it that writers in their maturer days seem preoccupied with their fate, only to pose in that famous looking-on-as-if-detached? Denis Lehoux has Marge Piercy has as well,

perhaps temporarily, and now MacLea...man. The trouble with the腋洞 fiction which promises is that it is often a this diagnosis for nostalgia.

John Wellford, a 35-year-old "upper-class" reservist, receives a telephone call from an unknown young man. During excavations in what must have been Montreal, two cast-iron boxes of papers have been found, referring to the Wellford family, prominent in a lost and forgotten safety. So opens the first *Chancery* box. Wellford agrees to read the papers and write a book about the lives and especially the deaths of relatives he loved and whom he has forced out of his mind. Within his book smaller books are opened: the story of Wellford's stepfather, Conrad Behrend, a German professor who joins the Gestapo in order to rescue his Jewish lover, and that of his cousin, Timothy Wellford, an irresponsible young television host whose facile power becomes paramount.

Through the musings of Timothy and Conrad, belonging to the bones which arteries did, do we learn how the world died. In *Wasteland*'s muds record we see terrorism become a way of life and different kinds of intelligence hold off governments and demand billions with the threat of blinding whole cities out of existence. Bizarrely such threats are carried out. The final hang is an

unpleasant sort of destruction, set off, we are told, by a massive computer error. Simultaneously, Conrad's experiences in Nazi Germany remind us of a more personal social collapse the rearing of that torture social feeds the Ethical guilt which allows the next form of destruction to take place.

When destiny comes to Montreal, John Wellford escapes because he is at his friend's cottage. He participates, for his friend is in the blood, in a small social organization that follows, teaching "the Diagram" instead of trying to give people who have lost all books and have never heard of videotape (these losses are more tragic than others). But soon he retreats to his barracks where we meet him, not knowing how it was that his former cousin caused the murder of his stepfather only when he is presented with the papers that solve the puzzle, and asked to write a book, does the old man come alive again. As "author" of the book within the book, Wellford is, of course, a stand-in for MacLea...man.

John and Timothy and Conrad are men who find and use women usually. The television star can have his choice of several hundred on a good night, apparently. Despite this, they tend to drift off to sleep longing for someone's soft body they are prevented from loving by the catastrophic events of history, and

by the very ease with which they approach sex. "No salutes ever sang in the streets for us," remarks the old man sadly. Although MacLea...man has grappled with today's politics and extended them to their logical—and technological—extreme, as far remained deeply in his earlier emotional views. Sexual losses and disasters are seen as more serious than the breakdown of society. As Conrad says of his mother: "She had understanding, deep and experienced, but she had no authority." She had an understanding so total that she had assigned herself to the fact that her understanding made no difference."

This dated psychology, encapsulated as it is in a futuristic vision, makes MacLea...man himself sound at times like a voice out of time. It is an unfortunate anachronism in a novel that has all the fluid power of the best of his writing and the breadth of range that came to us first with *Bitter-Sweet* almost 40 years ago. The sadness of the old, their hunger—for food, for relevance—the double-edged sword of their memory, these are the strong chords running through the novel. At the heart of it is the old man's belief that in the evolving new world the rediscovery of books will bring life back to life. It is a stubborn, naive and most admirable conviction.

Katherine Gerber

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST	
FICTION	
1. <i>Justine Then and Now</i> , Richter (1)	<i>2. Rape of Acqua</i> , Sheldon (2)
2. <i>The Source Identity</i> , Lutjens (3)	3. <i>Italo, Mapple</i> (4)
3. <i>Princess Daley</i> , Knopf (5)	4. <i>Random Winds</i> , Plate (6)
4. <i>The Fifth Column</i> , Conill & Lorraine (7)	5. <i>Fangs</i> , Jiang
5. <i>Phantom</i> , King	6. <i>Girl on a Swing</i> , Adams (10)
NONFICTION	
1. <i>The Third Wave</i> , Toffler (1)	2. <i>How to Invest in the Market and Win</i> , Givens (2)
2. <i>How to Retire in Style</i> , Givens (2)	3. <i>Shelley</i> , Minerva (4)
3. <i>The Neighbor's Wife</i> , Tolosa (5)	4. <i>Catch Me If You Can</i> , Alsop (6)
4. <i>James Herriot's Yorkshire</i> , Herriot (7)	5. <i>Jesus in Chicago</i> , Friedman (7)
5. <i>How to Survive in Turbulent Times</i> , DeMott (8)	6. <i>The Real War</i> , Nixon (9)
6. <i>Craig Gilstrap's Diet General Cook Book</i> , Gilstrap /Francey (9)	7. <i>Craig Gilstrap's Diet General Cook Book</i> , Gilstrap /Francey (9)



or you can pour a LEGEND.

CANADIAN LEGEND

A 6 year-old whisky with all the smooth, mellow taste that earned the name, CANADIAN LEGEND.

"A
real
find."



There's a special thrill in discovering something new that you really enjoy. That's the feeling you'll experience when you try Rémy-Panner Anjou Blanc.

It's a delicate, aromatic, flavoursome wine with a taste that lasts and lasts. Quality that's hard to believe. Described by many as "outstanding value".

Discover Rémy-Panner Anjou Blanc. Drink yourself. Soon.

Rémy-Panner
Anjou Blanc

Television

Prime-time samurai

SHOGEN
City Sept. 14-Sept. 18

Theatre hours in front of a television set would seem like a long haul, wouldn't it? But that's what the creation of James Clavell's *Shogun*—a 10-part television mini-expedition—has done over time for TV. It's nearly anything less than engrossing. Apart from its intrinsic achievement, *Shogun* points to the possibilities of television as a popular medium: are the people who will spend a week with *Shogun* any less likely than those who waited a long time ago for the next serial instalment of a Dickens novel? Movies can't provide that ongoing pleasure and books, sadly, seldom do. The generally unrealized glory of TV is that length is not a liability.

"We tell ourselves stories," wrote Jean Cocteau. "In order to live." Or more precisely, to discover why we live and behave as we do. Rich with subtlety, detail, conflict, erotic and emotional complexities, *Shogun* shows us, during the different, in cultures far removed from our own, how the forces of history, religion, culture, and the marketplace can affect a world as alien as a distant planet. The country is rent with civil strife and the Portuguese, with the Catholic Church as an excuse, are already there exploiting it. Caught in the middle as in a political pawn, Blackthorne is also caught in a cultural typhoon where he must reassess all his values. Forbidden by custom, his feelings are lost with an exquisitely treated interloper,

Mitsue, Chamberlain, a cultured lyripones

Muriko (Okiyo Shigenada), whom his confused, half-mad master, the shrewd and somewhat warlike Tosa-naga (Toshiro Mifune) is forever threatened by. Blackthorne's incomprehension of himself, his actions, peoples (ritual, martial, insectivorous, betayards, priests), an earthquake and, last but third (the rope, Blackthorne begins to make some new sense of himself and his experience, past and present).

Wiseley, the makers of *Shogun* haven't substituted the Japanese dialogue; we feel the same disorientation and fascination Blackthorne does. We begin to understand a people who have made an art form out of politeness and who have found reasons within reason. The series, which is educational in its most successful form, might have been a great popular entertainment had Chamberlain not been so sexist, his flaws carry little interest, and we never get an depth into him as we want to. (The non-English casting is actually *Shogun's* most serious weakness.) But the director, Jerry London, despite a few minor lapses in continuity, modulates the tale beautifully. *Shogun* doesn't look much like television and, for a change, you wonder how they did it for only \$2 million. And despite some very fine flaws in Eric Brevard's script you look and listen and learn and come away saying Wohwaaaaah—*I understand*.

Lawrence O'Toole

ARE YOU GETTING SOAKED BY SOMEBODY ELSE'S CARELESSNESS?

Canadians people drive up the cost of insurance for everyone. Because every time some thoughtless person causes an accident, everyone pays for it in the form of higher insurance premiums.

That's why SAFECO specializes in insuring only careful people.

Like you.

After all, it's the people we don't insure that make SAFECO such a good deal for those we do.

So if you're tired of paying for the "other guy" shock with your local independent SAFECO agent or broker.

And even if your brother-in-law owns an insurance company, your SAFECO agent or broker has some new and useful ways you can cut your insurance premiums and still protect

yourself and your family in case of an accident.

PS. Your SAFECO agent or broker also specializes in quality insurance for your home, your boat, your business—as well as your car.

**SAVE WITH
SAFECO**
SAFECO Insurance Company
Head Office for Canada, Mississauga, Ontario





Lifestyles

Co-op housing goes beyond the commune

By Matthew Teitelbaum

Two years ago, secretary Betty Sigmund's biggest concern as a single parent was in find a welcoming community for her four-year-old son, real home instead of the temporary emergency spot in a 10-storey Toronto apartment building. "It was cold and unsatisfying," she recalls. "There was no sense of responsibility, no involvement, no caring. It was little more than a place to eat and sleep." Like many Canadians on low or fixed incomes, she had given up on the dream of owning a house. But she was stamped. How could a sense of belonging and commitment be built into a few temporarily possessed rooms to put another anonymous apartment complex? In desperation, Sigmund reached out for an alternative she knew little about—and became one of 67 members of Toronto's Denton Park housing project. Now she takes special pleasure in having found her own answer to the housing crisis—co-operative.

Sigmund is one of an increasing number of Canadians who, as partners in mutualist communities, where houses are owned, managed and often even built by the co-op, are helping to build a new urban utopia. What's what in the '90s seems a mere fad. Pounded by declining housing alternatives and pulled by new government aid programs, co-op housing is moving into the



Weekend chores at Seeman's project (below). Hobley, 11, like a small referee

mainstream. In just under two years, the number of co-op housing units in Canada has almost doubled, not incidentally at a time when house prices continue to rise. By year's end, about 16,000 units is close to 300 projects across the country will be home for roughly 60,000 Canadians.

Though the co-op movement is strongest in urban areas, it has also been a success in Atlantic Canada, almost nonexistent in Atlantic Canada, its growth has been slow but steady since the first government-supported co-op, Winnipeg's Wilson Park, was opened in 1965. The co-oper-

ative movement is like a small village," says Chris Smith, president of Vancouver's Lamont Non-profit Homes. "You give up a certain amount of privacy but gain a wide support network." While co-op members come from a wide range of backgrounds, many are lower-middle-income and most are former apartment dwellers, entitling them to rates of short-term eviction and increasingly increasing rents. Most co-op dwellers take particular pride in denying land developers and landlords their predatory profits, a satisfaction highlighted in a recent Danair survey: co-op housing payments, including utilities, increase by only 4.6 per cent each year.

But if co-ops are successful, some have point out that rents are reduced through their commitment of officers' work time to co-op upkeep. In Betty Seeman's project, for example, members cleaned the construction site every weekend, saving the time of skilled tradesmen and thousands of dollars in the process. In the day-to-day operations of all co-ops, members concern themselves with everything from landscaping to setting budget priorities.

If there is a drawback in the system, it stems from its very strength: the

members are pleased to find an environment that is generally supportive of their children. Says Linda Strong, a project co-ordinator with Vancouver's Oakridge Housing Advisory Service: "I have friends and acquaintances who have my experience—I feel finally that I have real emotional support." Five cooperatives for newly arrived immigrants have been established in the past two years, and a 30-unit co-operative for seniors is being organized in Toronto. In many projects, prospective members are involved in the planning of their co-op, which allows for special considerations. Joyce Hobley of Ottawa had a terrible time finding adequate living arrangements for herself and her three children when she was confined to a wheelchair five years ago. She moved with relief into Ottawa's 17 Auberge co-op for the handicapped when it opened two years ago. "I got tired of sitting around watching the dust gather," she says. "There were things I couldn't do, shelves I couldn't reach. Now I'm pretty well self-sufficient—almost everything is at arm's length."

In the past two years, housing ministers at the federal and provincial levels have sought to renew their co-operative programs, despite solid government opposition. Says Bob Gaudet, director at the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC): "Co-ops are a way to put affordable low-cost housing on the market." In his view, it defuses the government-as-leader stigma associated with public housing projects. In May of 1993, CMHC unveiled its present stimulative co-op program, fully guaranteeing mortgages that co-op associations negotiate with private moneylenders. Under the direction of government-sponsored co-operative housing resource groups, these co-op associations are formed to choose land, contract out various construction jobs and guide their project to completion. Monthly interest is then dropped from the market rate to just two per cent for three years, after which it is increased gradually until the mortgage is paid off. Although expenses run anywhere from five to 10 per cent below comparable houses on the open market, pre-coop subsidy programs are also available.

While enthusiasts expect that co-op growth will continue, many outsiders still consider co-operative communities a mystical holdover from the '60s—great for the young and confused but not a very serious way to live. Co-op enthusiasts recognize that their garranian challenge is to convince the skeptical that they really are not different—that they too are a group of their own. Says Betty Sigmund: "This is my secure place for my old age and I almost missed out on it because I thought co-ops were communists." □

This condescending version of the extended family meets the special needs of groups particularly dissatisfied with conventional housing choices. Single



PHOTO: RONALD HOBLEY

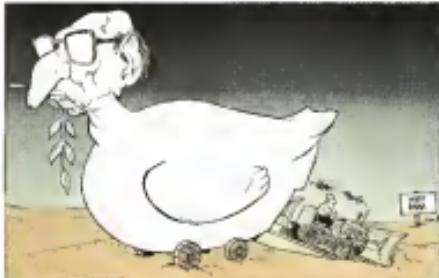
New house.
New broadband.
Larger mortgage.
Congratulations!

Pour a Pinch.



Pinch 12 year old Scotch.

Shock waves from peace champions



By Michael Posner

The story ran on page 1 of *The New York Times*, and it was dated Jerusalem, 56 prominent Jewish Americans had issued a statement condemning Israeli extremists and advancing terrorist aggression. That statement, issued July 1, sent shock waves not only through Prime Minister Menachem Begin's administration, but through the 5.7-million-member Jewish community in the U.S. American Jews had dared to question Israeli policy before, but rarely had the challenge been so public or impassioned. In synagogues across the U.S., Jewish leaders shook their heads in puzzlement: What was the meaning of this? And what were its consequences?

The jury on consequences may be out for a time, but the meaning of the declaration is clear: ever since increasing numbers of American Jews (and Israelis) are anxious for peace in the Middle East, to that end, they are prepared to see Israel make major territorial concessions. And they think it vital that the Begin government refrain from policies seemingly designed to thwart the peace process itself, particularly the formation of new Jewish settlements in the West Bank (otherwise known as Judea and Samaria). The "statement of '87" reflects the views of a small but

growing number of American Jews who believe that such hard-line policies may alienate those few nations still willing to call themselves friends of the Jewish state, and allow the Arab extremes to claim that Israel is not serious about pursuing peace.

Yet in speaking out, these American critics sparked a fierce debate within their own communities: Jewish newspaper editors accused the group of activists—of failing to recognize that the media would misinterpret or misuse the

Israel and influence on the diaspora.

"These divisions in the community have existed since the beginning of the Zionist enterprise," says Rabbi Wolfe Kohlmeier of New York's respected Jewish Theological Seminary and one signatory to the statement of '87. "This is a healthy debate, which has always gone on." Kahan also hastens to point out that the so-called peace movement "does not represent a turning away from Israel." "Nabdy's in favor of dealing with the PLO. On fundamental questions



Diamond (above); Foto: "Moderation breeds moderation, extremism breeds extremism."



Document: Established Jewish leaders queried the wisdom of criticizing Israel in public, especially via the American press, wondering if any perceived division of Jewish opinion among only Arab extremists. Others were sure that attacks on specific Israeli policies might not cloak a more ambiguous view: a abandonment of support for Israel itself. Still others, including the ultra-Orthodox Jewish Defense League, regard their self-styled champions of peace as "fascists and morons," with no sensible constituency among American Jews. And then there are those who believe the current controversy is simply part of an historical continuum—consisting of strains of Zionists vying for power in

we are one." In fact, 27 signers of the original declaration issued a second statement late last month declaring Jerusalem the eternal capital of the Jewish state and its status as a unified city a non-negotiable item in any peace treaty. "The real tragedy," Kahan says, "is that when we say, 'Let's not have more settlements on the West Bank,' there's no response from the other side. My friends say there are no moderate Arabs and sometimes I think they're not so wrong."

Yet the conviction remains that Israel's cold war with every Arab nation but Egypt is impeding treasury, both economically and spiritually. To break itself from this corrosive cycle, Israel must seize every opportunity to prove that it is not the bad guy. Jewish leaders believe it is agreed: "The policies of the present government are dividing support far beyond a line where Israel can't afford it," says Sam Morowitz, a vice-president of the World Jewish Congress. "Will our criticism be used against us? It's guaranteed. But there's more to be lost by silence." Adds Leonard Fein, a spokesman for the peace movement, "Moderation breeds moderation. And extremism breeds extremism. I believe the expression of moderation by American Jews has been of some comfort to moderates in the diaspora."

TVONTARIO RENDEZVOUS

It's a very special year for TVOntario. We're celebrating ten years of providing the people of Ontario with superb cultural, educational, public-affairs, and children's programming. Come and share in the festivities. Discover faraway places, technological marvels, vital issues, and fascinating people in a land of drama, music, dialogue, laughter, and mystery . . . this fall on TVOntario.



You get all this, plus a remarkable opportunity for unique learning experiences through our supplementary educational services. Enter a new dimension of television this fall.

TVOntario

19 Toronto, 24 Ottawa, 18 Kitchener, 18 London, 29 Chatham, 32 Windsor, 19 Sudbury,
20 Sud 50 St. Marc, 9 Thunder Bay

And 8 satellite participants and regions receiving TVOntario via cable, consult your local cable operator or newspaper.

Every Monday, *The Globe and Mail* has four columns written by TVOntario, on air complementing the evening's *Fast Forward* program.

GENSTAR



You can tell we're Canadian.

Genstar stands tall in the Canadian image. And that's natural. We were born and bred to it.

Moreover, better than 50% of Genstar's shares are held in Canada.

And we're true to our origins with a \$350 million capital investment program in Canada over the last five years.

That's a statistic very important to our many thousands of Canadian employees - and to our customers - yet it's only part of the picture.

You can add to it Genstar's major activity in housing and in residential and commercial land development, providing planned sites for over a

hundred independent builders - and housing units in the thousands, produced by Genstar's own homebuilding companies.

During the Seventies, this Genstar effort helped create housing for 100,000 Canadians. The thrust will carry vigorously through the Eighties.

Building materials, cement manufacturing, heavy and municipal construction further underscore the diversified Genstar commitment.

And Genstar talents and financial muscle are today helping make Canada a growing North American economic force.

But first of all, we're Canadian - and we like it that way.

GENSTAR
GENSTAR LIMITED

Films



A festival date with an ill-fated love affair

BY TIMOTHY
Directed by Nicolas Roeg

At some time in the lives of most of us there occurs a star-crossed love affair. One that begins with the intensity of a wild fire and then burns madly between the extremes of ecstasy and despair. It is emotional, mutually destructive and usually mean, but there's not one damn thing we can do about it—or would do about it if we could. Ultimately, of course, it ends, and the survivors of these are anyone no other, more sensible relationships and, years later, look back to the time when they felt so wholly and electrically alive.

It was impossible. But maybe it wasn't, really. Maybe the lining was just bad Then, *Bad Timing*, a film that throes battery acid on the human psyche and lays bare the very worst in all of us. Dr. Alex Landis (Gérard Depardieu), New York Jew, 40ish, professor of psychoanalysis, cerebral and methodical and unerringly conventional. She is Milena Flaherty (Theresa Russell), 21, and California golden, visceral and explosive and possessive. They meet in Vienna—such a perfect trying place for two emotional exiles—and fall hard into

Suzanne, Gérard Depardieu, Isabelle Daigle

line. And immediately the affair begins fizzing solidly to its inevitable conclusion: neither will change because neither can, and we can only watch in horror and indifference as they stagger across one another's path in their way of final disengagement, never far apart and much, much worse for having.

Garfinkel, who showed considerable acting skill in *Carnal Knowledge*, plays the role of Dr. Landis's actual life in Basle, a virtual unknown despite his work in *The Last Tycoon* and *Straight Time*; raises the role of virgin—where is a new level, she is a slash Queen-writer. Then there is Harvey Keitel, brilliant as usual, playing a police inspector with his own obsession—the need to confirm that the souls of others are as corrupt as his own.

With *Bad Timing* certainly the most contentious of the Toronto festival's films, director Nicolas Roeg (*Performance*, *Don't Look Now*) surpasses all previous efforts and achieves, simply, greatness. This is not just another film about obsessive and perverse relationships; it is the film—the most thoroughly adult movie ever made in the English language. **John Goodell**

A soap opera with conventional suds

By STANLEY
Reviewed by Peter Spier

There was a time, not so long past (and not just in the States), when films like *Suzanne* would have been given the benefit of the doubt—not because it was good, but because it was Canadian. Fortunately for the Canadian film industry—and unfortunately for *Suzanne*, which had an undenied gala status at last week's Festival of Festivals in Toronto—movies made in this country are now judged by international criteria. And *Suzanne* falls woefully short.

The first mistake was the genuinely silly attempt to make *Suzanne* (Isabelle Daigle) a metaphor for Quebec in the 1960s, torn between the English and French cultures as personified, somehow, by Nelly (Wendie Malick), a brazenly drunk thug and Georges (Gérard Depardieu), a gentle French-Canadian intellectual. The best scene in the film is the speech, when a gang of Provencalists attack a Corpus Christi Day parade in east-end Montreal, and Suzanne does a voice-over describing the conflicts she suffers as the daughter of a Scott Presbyterian dad and a French-Catholic mother. That task, however, is immediately abandoned, and what's left is a profitably and conventionally soap-operatic film that went out with the old tries to capture.

Suzanne loves Nicky and Georges



Georges, Isabelle Daigle, Gérard Depardieu

loves Suzanne. Suzanne loves Georges, too, but not in the same way. Suzanne has Nicky's baby, but because Nicky's so good for her, and is in the slumbers anyway for a jewelry heist, she marries Georges. Gallerant, Georges pledges to raise Nicky's child as his own. After an interminably long time in jail, Nicky is out and he wants his son—but not to

Fine Liqueurs from Italy

Sambuca Ramazzotti

Make a moment enchanting with Sambuca, the captivating Italian liqueur. Experience flavoring Sambuca, with coffee beans tasting as they float in the briar of your glass.



Canadian Agent: Savoie-Schiavo Agencies Ltd., Toronto, Canada



STRESS.

The more you know about it,
the better you cope.

Canadian Mental Health Association



COMFORT ... in a stacking chair

There are many kinds of stacking chairs. Here we've chosen one in sturdy tubular steel, lot of hems, handles. Built to take punishment. They're for your club, church or institution. Write for the catalogue.

STANDARD TUBE
CANADA LIMITED
Montreal, Ontario H3R 1P1

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Maclean's

An Important Message to Our Subscribers

From time to time we make the Maclean's subscriber list available to organizations whose products and services may be of interest to you. These organizations are carefully screened by us, but we feel the decision as to whether you receive these offers should be yours.

Most of our subscribers welcome the idea. However, if you wish to have your name deleted from lists we make available, simply write to: Maclean's, P.O. Box 1661, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B8. Please be sure to enclose the address label from your Maclean's magazine and allow six weeks for your request to take effect.

worry, because after some snafus and harsh words the final *Fade-out* has George, Stely and the boy toasting a football together while Susanne looks on longingly.

All that takes about two hours (seems like four), and only decent performances by Dale, Rebeck and Armand keep the eyes from glazing over. Some unscripted editing might save the film and even make it half-way enjoyable—at least as a period piece.

Moral courage is its own reward

BY THE CONDUCTOR
Directed by Andrzej Wajda

Whole life work is generally unfamiliar to North American filmmakers. Andrzej Wajda is Poland's greatest living director, one of the acknowledged international giants of the industry. His cinematic grammar aside, Wajda has, since the mid-'50s, shown the same moral courage in his work as the striking workers of Gdansk. And while *The Conductor* is a much less sweeping film than those of his renowned war-and-afterschool trilogy—*Generation*, *Chronicle* and *Amen* and *Days and Night*—it too deals in universal human truths. Selections of scenes of partisans are woven into a story of men and women in Gdansk, although highly compressed re-enactment, advances a disarmingly simple plot. Jan Laski (Sir John Gielgud) returns to his old Polish home town after 30 years abroad, having reached the pinnacle of his profession. One reason for the return is a chance meeting in New York with Marta (Kryszyna Jandak), daughter of the woman he once cherished and, for him, virtual renunciation. Marta, a violinist in the local orchestra, is married to Adam (Andrzej Seweryn); an conductor, a man of vision, talent and overwhelming ambitions. His orchestra is amateurish—or it seems to be, until the great Laski takes up the baton.

Adam is soon exposed for the showman that he is. He doesn't love Marta; she is his only means to an end, a means at the top of the tree. Finally, Adam's last vestige of integrity is tested by a group of local bureaucrats who would turn the Laski concert (into a great cultural propaganda coup) unless thus evolves a conclusion that is simultaneously tragic and triumphant.

Gielgud is generally considered to be the finest actor in the English-speaking world, and he does nothing here to disprove that contention. But, amazingly, Jandak and Seweryn are more than able to hold their own with him. Like Wajda, like all the Polish nation, they have much to teach us.

J.G.

We're getting ready to get Electricity from the Ocean.

Imagine a power plant that runs on free fuel, works 24 hours a day, rain or shine—and generates electricity without burning coal or using one barrel of oil.

It's called OTEC—Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion. And it's starting to happen right now. TRW is helping the U.S. Department of Energy make it happen—by using a new and important source of energy: the ocean.



Cold Water, Warm Sun & No Pollution

This new source of power is ours to use anywhere there's a 32°F difference between the temperature of the ocean's surface, and water below.

An OTEC plant puts that difference to work in a solar energy system that uses the



ocean as a vast collector. Sun-warmed surface water vaporizes a low-boiling-point liquid like ammonia.

The expanding vapor drives a turbine, which powers a generator—producing electricity.

Once the ammonia vapor has done its job, it is liquified in a condenser by very cold water pumped from as deep as 3,000 feet. The entire operation is totally self-contained. No chimneys. No liquid effluent to dispose of. No pollution—period.

TRW has already tested a number of OTEC concepts. And TRW-furnished heat exchangers are being

fitted on a ship which will try out a 1,000 kilowatt version off Hawaii in 1980.

Plugging Into The Ocean

The electricity generated by just one OTEC plant, delivered to the mainland by undersea cable, could light a coastal city of 100,000 people. And since the ocean doesn't lose its surface heat at night or during storms, the electricity can be delivered anytime.

Some energy experts say we could be lighting coastal cities with ocean thermal power by the mid-'80s.



In many places on our planet, this pollution-free source of energy, stored by nature in the world's oceans, is waiting there for us to use...anytime we need it, rain or shine, day or night.

A COMPANY CALLED
TRW

TRW is the name and mark of TRW Inc.

The doors may be closed but it keeps in the heat

By Allan Fotheringham

There is something so basically terrible about the Canadian concept of majority-building. The hard land of the frontier, the true North strong and free, has to retreat behind closed doors when it gets down to the most important task of all—defining what sort of country that is going to be. So we sit for four tortuous days in the tattered-up old Ottawa subway station car appropriate site for nation-builders, enduring the tortuous give-and-take as well as being tormented by some nice touch of self-sacrifice as we flog moments of true passion. But when we get down to serious business, the essential texture of the Canadian politico comes up sharp—not the press and the public and let's-well-and-deal is private at St. Boniface Drive, the concentration for aborting of a new constitution is kept for private eyes only.

The wonder is that the country puts up with it. We have already had the charade of the summer-long Roy Romanow-Chretien farce—the Oct. 4, Topaz Show, on TV, and the subsequent after-the-fact and the federal justice minister—closed the country with their constitutional firecracker, preparing us for the September Arras attack which was to be a lesson in democracy, our last, our day chance to forge a constitution in the full light of day. Schoolchildren would watch and marvel, elders would beam with pride, seafarers would grow rank on free-lance radio commentaries. Open government apishly agreed at. That was the promise. That was the dream. The dream died. When the boys got down to baseball, they had to run and hide.

What is interesting about the Canadian acceptance of public business being done in private is the equal assumption that Canadians are much more free than Americans. It makes up 68.3 per cent of our smug claim (the

other portions composed of Ken Taylor, lack of riots and CEC racism). Americans would not for an instant put up with The Gang of 13 and Pierre himself retreating behind the doors of the prime ministerial residence to mope in a day what they couldn't make in four in public. The Yanks, thanks to their experience with King George, feel politicians are there to serve them—and to inform them. Canadians, one of the few peoples to stumble into nationhood without a war or revolution, have that inferiority



PHOTOGRAPH BY

elevated—had to vacate the conference floor and had to conduct the day's hearings in an adjacent cramped room, where Pierre Trudeau was vacuously annoyed at the volume and continually drifting his way from the Mount St. Helens of politics. Stolt Lévesque.

The most interesting point was the abuse heaped on Lynch and Nichols by their fellow senators in the exchange of information. They were accused of mere showboating (a libelous charge, mind you), journalists are abrogating the relevant point was raised.

If allowed, politicians

would do everything in public. For one thing, it is

much more effective,

says Pierre Trudeau, after 31 years as prime minister.

Eds, it's hard to dispense his distance for that belligerent ritual called the House of Commons. Journalism by press release is also easier. Only the customer, the voter, suffers.

We stand on guard for

this, as hard, water-tight

clauses last Friday

outside St. Boniface Drive

causing drunks and revellers of rumour and rumour,

sewing the alienation

and the alienated into still closer

hostility. All those closed doors—an admission that

the type of happening and horse-trading they are doing would be denied on

only if exposed to air and public scrutiny.

By their actions shall ye know them. They are closed fascists, believing in the cause but unwilling to broadcast it.

They have missed a grand opportunity, really. It's not actually because the persistence of the TV cameras and the not-bloody-shit-but-truth honest discourse. It's because they're accustomed to doing it in private way. The Yanks would host them into hibernation. It's not often a country struggling out of colonialism after 113 years, has a public opportunity to display its constitutional mounds. These boys shape it. This proved, in the end, too cowardly, to endorse public scrutiny.



"Crew on the Sweet Success?"
You bet! There was no way we'd pass up the chance to sail from Vancouver through the Gulf Islands."

"Charting our course together"

"Our two days aboard the Sweet Success were breath-taking. So were the Gulf Islands. Safely secured back at the marina, we celebrated our adventure with a Canadian Club. CCC's just right. Its smooth, mellow taste has been a tradition for over 120 years. Canadian Club's 'The Best In The House,' in 87 lands—and the Seven Seas too!"

Canadian Club
A taste of the world. The taste of home.



Black & white label, 100% rye

The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker



THE TIE BREAKER

Into tall glass with crushed ice pour in 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka. Add 2 oz. pineapple juice and fill with club soda. Garnish with slice of pineapple.

Now, that's a sure-fire winner.

Make it with one of Canada's most popular vodkas.

ALBERTA
VODKA
PURE VODKA
100% GRAIN
700 ml 710 ml
40% alc/vol